L. P. Fisher

The Yolo Democrat

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, Room 21 Merchants' Exchange, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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The very desirable tract of land, containing forty acres, situated west of Rupley's corner on the south side of Main street, known as "THE PATRICK CASEY PLACE," is now offered for sale, the owner having taken up his residence in another county. This is

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HAS REMOVED

From his old stand to his new building,

East of Washington Hall,

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Where he is prepared to do all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING, WAGON-MAKING,

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Families supplied with Fresh Bread, Crackers, Cakes, Etc.

Wedding Cakes Supplied to Order.

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☞ New Music received every day. Instruments Tuned and Repaired. Zephyr Wools and Embroideries. Toys and Fancy Goods in great variety. ja22wtf

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FIRST-CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY. mh13-w3m

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Office, at Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland. Calls promptly responded to at all hours. ja30dw

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Office in Bank Building. All work warranted first-class. Terms reasonable. June 5th, 1877. felw

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DR. HENRY M. KIER,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER

OFFICE—With J. W. Snowball, Main Street, Knight's Landing, Cal. Ju22w

J. C. BALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE—Over Bank of Woodland, Main street, Woodland, Cal. ja21w

W. R. HINKSON,

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Fifth street, bet. I and J, Sacramento. In Office with Armstrong & Hinkson. ja10w

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Orders left at Proctor's Drug Store will be promptly attended to. ja8w

NOTICE.

As the condition of the roads make my contemplated trip an impossibility for the present, I will make an extension of the time allowed (60 days) in which my customers may get

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—SAY—

60 days more—from March 15,

ANY KIND OF WEATHER!

Cloudy Days the Best for Good Effects,

(excepting Babies.)

Some say—"Why, King, you are making better work than ever!"

My answer is: I have had more good-looking, better dressed subjects lately than ever before. Also—*we believe in improvement.*

☞ Look in and see us.

KING, Photographer.

mh15dlwtf

TO THE LADIES

—OF—

Woodland and Yolo County!



MRS. OGBURN,

MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER,

Has on hand

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the Latest Styles,

Would be pleased to have the Ladies call and examine them, confident that she can please in the future as well as in the past. She would also return thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

N.B.—Particular attention given to

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Ladies taught to Cut and Fit by Chart.

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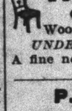
New Weed Sewing Machine!

One of the most reliable in use.

Also, Agency for SCOURING & DYEING. de21

J. K. SMITH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in



FURNITURE AND BEDDING,

COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

Woodland, Cal., opp. the Craft House.

UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.

A fine new hearse in connection with the business. mh1-dw

P. KRELLENBERG,

Dealer in all kinds of

FURNITURE AND BEDDING.



A large assortment always on hand which will be sold at reasonable prices. Also, GENERAL UNDERTAKER! I keep on hand a large lot of Burial Cases and Coffins, and have a First-Class Hearse, so that I am prepared to supply everything necessary for Funerals on short notice. Store, Cor. Third and Main Sts., opp. Pockman's Livery Stables, Woodland. mh7w3m

JO. S. JACKSON, M. D.,

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OFFICE—One door west of the Express Office, up stairs.

HOURS—9 to 11 A.M. and 7 to 9 P.M.

RESIDENCE—East side of Third street, first house south of Masonic Hall, Woodland. mh14w3m

Boating on the Tules.

BY KIT.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Monday morning the 18th day of March found your correspondent at the Depot in the popular town of Blacks', waiting for Stanford & Co's "steam hoss and wagon" to materialize in the dim distance. The Railroad Company, in consequence of the damage done them by the late storms, are now trying to economize, at least it was so construed by me, by the absence of wood from the stove and the headlight from the engine. The officials on this road seem to be novices in the art of railroading, as they stopped the passenger cars some three hundred yards from the depot. Our worthy Postmaster shouldered his mail bag, and with a left-handed blessing on the Railroad Company, wended his way through the darkness to the mail car. Not so with Mr. D., the polite agent who, as he said, "had been in the country too long; they would have to stop in the right place for the baggage." After starting it was but a short time before we reached the ancient village of Cacheville, whose earlier inhabitants were beginning to creep about. When the train came to a halt I looked out of the window and was repaid by the sight of as lovely a picture of rustic life as the most fastidious could desire. In the foreground, seated upon a stool by the side of a brindle "bossy" was one of the loveliest of Cacheville's beauties, with beautifully moulded arms laid bare to elbows, acting the role of milkmaid. The way she made the lacteal fluid flow from the great teats showed plainly that she was no green hand, but had been there before. "Here," said I to a companion, "is a treasure for some young farmer, for if she can do the duties of a housewife as well as she milks she would certainly make him rich."

Mr. Editor, I always thought yours was a lovely town, but I never before formed an adequate conception of its beauty until I saw it that morning as it lay half in slumber, amid fragrant flowers and blooming trees whose delicious aroma was wafted to us, and made doubly refreshing by the morning dew which lay sparkling on every leaflet in the light of a new sun. I think it by far the prettiest town that I have ever seen in this lovely State, and I know her citizens are justly proud of her excelling qualities. At this place quite a number of passengers were added to our small number from "up country," mostly of the weaker pursuasion, whose "small talk" occasioned a noise not unlike a break in the Sacramento River when heard in the distance. They were increased in the use of their colloquial powers, and the way their pretty mouths opened and shut was a wonder to behold. By the time we had reached Davisville I had come to the conclusion that a "thing of beauty was a *jaw* forever." At Davisville your correspondent took passage in a stage which connected at the Tule House with sail boats for Sacramento. The ride to the Tule House was exceedingly pleasant the roads being in very good condition for traveling. On either hand were fine farms in excellent condition with comfortable houses and barns denoting energy and enterprise on the part of the people of that vicinity. The fields are dotted here and there with giant oaks which in conjunction with the waving grain and cheerful farm houses form a rural picture which a lover of Dame Nature could not fail to appreciate. Traveling through this community by rail one can form no idea of the beauty of the surroundings of this prosperous little village. Growing grain looks unexceptionally fine, and on the farm of W. D. Wristen I noticed a field of wheat which excels anything I ever saw in the way of a growing crop. The land is very rich, and my informant stated that even in the dryest years something was raised. On reaching the Tule House, or rather the spot where it once stood, for it is now no more, we were transferred to a new boat which was to make its first trip across the tules. This boat is the largest on either of the three lines, and was built at Davisville under the supervision of Captain Nethercott, the proprietor. She is a staunch craft and reflects much credit upon her builders. The Captain by expressions peculiar to seamen, which were as Greek to me, directed his sons who acted in the capacity of sailors, and in a short time the white sail was spread before the wind and we were flying over the water at a lively rate of speed. Time flew by on light wings as we were regaled by innumerable anecdotes related by a gentleman from Woodland who seemed endowed with a remarkable memory, and a wonderful faculty of using it to the best advantage in spinning his yarns.

In one respect he was not behind the champion of Blacks, who rejoices in the appellation of "Sailor Jack." When this gentleman would stop for a few moments for the double purpose of inflation and to rake over his memory for a blood curdling episode which happened when he was a boy, and one which he calculated would eclipse all others we could hear from a descendant of the Emerald Isle, whose clothes bore unmistakable evidence of the inevitable decline which follows rough treatment, and the non-acquaintance of that artist known as soap. At a few minutes after 10 A.M. we were in front of the Western Hotel. From thence my fellow-passengers radiated to all parts of the city. Your correspondent having left Blacks too early to participate in the matin meal, struck out for the nearest dining room, which he did not leave, until the "inner man" was content. I had been in the city several days when I chanced to fall in with a couple of young men from Blacks who had brought their inventive powers to bear upon a pile of lumber, and had transported it into a something which they called a "scow," and in order to test her efficiency for riding the mighty deep had come to Sacramento with the expectation of sailing home with the first favorable wind. I was prevailed upon to share the bitter and sweet of their prospective homeward voyage, and as I had never had a real adventure upon the water, decided to cast my lot with them. We sailed some eight miles from Sacramento where we waited several days for a more favorable wind near the Monument school house. This temple of learning derives its name from a monument that stands near by where the ill-fated steamer "Belle" was blown to pieces on Feb. 15, 1856. The Captain, Mr. Leonidas Taplor, was never found, and this monument was erected to his memory by his many friends. At this point our party was increased by two, with the addition of a small duck-boat. F. B. was the commander and proprietor of the "scow;" F. H. commanded the other boat; C. B. became well-known as cabin-boy; J. H. shipped before the mast as a common seaman; while your correspondent, who will call himself G. for the purpose of identification, as a lawyer would say, was elected without a dissenting vote to officiate in the dual capacity of chambermaid and steward, both of which he performed to the best of his ability, but not to the entire satisfaction of the crew. Leaving the monument to the south, we plowed our way over what was, to us, an unknown sea, in the direction of the Marysville Buttes. Behind us could be seen in the dim distance the trees fringing the river, while over our bow there was nothing to relieve the eye save the countless numbers of aquatic birds that flew with alarm when our huge sail, towering in the air, hove in sight. Soon the promising wind calmed to such an extent that there was scarcely a ripple on the water. The command was given to take in sail and man the oars, which was done, but with the feeling that the pleasures of a sailor were very shallow indeed. At noon, after having transferred our boats over a narrow isthmus, all hands were called to dinner and in a remarkably short time not a crumb was left to tell the tale. I must not forget to relate that before we left the Monument our cabin-boy had found his way to the house of a certain grass widow who was blessed with the possession of a beautiful daughter. Whether he went to inspect the mound upon which her residence stood or to pay his addresses to the young lady, I know not, but we know he came back with the skull of an Indian, with which he was presented, and which all took, but himself, as an inuendo to stay away. It was proposed by one that we turn pirates, and when we gave chase to a boat to carry the skull at our mast head as an emblem of destruction if they did not heave to. I proposed to the captain to be up to the times and change the name of our boat to that of "Old Bones." About three o'clock it was proposed to steer westward and find a break in the levee through which we could take our boats to the tules in Yolo, and make Knights Landing by sundown. Suiting the action to the word, we ran into the river's bank, but no brake could be found. We cruised along the willows that skirted the river embankment for two or three miles but no opening in the levees could be found.

At this stage of proceedings a house was seen through the willows by our sailor who was keeping his eye "peeled," for his anxiety about something was evident; probably he did not like the idea of sleeping without shelter. We found that the house was inhabited, and I was appointed a committee of one to interview its occupants and find out our whereabouts. I soon learned that we were about four miles above the little town of Vernon on the Feather River, and that there was probably a break a mile or two above. All sails were set, and away we went up the river's side where we soon found an outlet to the stream. Through this break the water was pouring with great velocity, and we had to walk and pull our boats after us, steering clear of the deep places as best we could. We learned that Knights Landing was about five miles directly west of this place, and that the tules were very deep, and with the slightest wind, dangerous to cross. Having had no adventures worth speaking of thus far, as the waters had been exceedingly "tame," we resolved to cross the turbulent waves if it could be done. We struck out over the trackless waste of waters, over which not one of us had ever been before, with nothing to guide us but the stars over our heads. The little zephyrs now began getting stronger, and the waves tossed us about very rudely. The darkness and the wind increased in proportion each minute and the treacherous waters seemingly moved in waves mountain high. The two boats were lashed together and our mast was strapped to prevent it being carried away with the wind. "A change had come over the spirit of our dreams," and we were longing for dry land as we never longed before. The white-capped waves looked to me like the fiery eyes of monsters, rushing toward us and trying to carry us down. Our spare clothing and oars were piled on the side of the boat to keep out the water, but notwithstanding all this, it was all that two of us could do to keep the water bailed out. We were now out of sight of land and a vote was taken whether to pursue our course or turn back. It was the desire of all to push ahead. The wind whistling through the rigging made it difficult to be heard talking in the ordinary tone. It is, however, more than probable that our voices were unusually weak, and not that the voice of the wind and the waves made such difficulty in our being understood. A proposition was made to throw the skull which we had overboard, to appease the wrath of the storm king, but this was not done. After battling with the elements for half an hour we saw ahead of us in the deepening gloom the faint outlines of willows. If we could only make the lee side of those willows, our commander said we would be safe. The waves grew less gigantic in size, and as we reached the shelter of these friendly trees we felt that all were saved from a watery grave. Upon rounding the bushes we beheld the lights of Knights Landing. Oh, how beautiful they looked! I never longed to reach lights so bad as I did those. Several hundred yards north of the Landing we met with much opposition by the impetus of the water which at that place flowed over an inclined plane, threatening each moment to dash us to pieces against the trees, through which the waters were coursing. After much muscular exertion, and the loss of a couple of oars, we managed to reach the railroad embankment where we tied up our boats, resolving to do no more that night. By the shouts of our sailor, who acted as spokesman of the party, the ferryman was aroused from his drowsy pillow and carried us safely to the other side. We directed our languid footsteps toward the hotel where we went supperless to bed, to sleep, and perchance to dream, of the very close "rub" which we had between life and death. Next morning, after doing justice to an ample breakfast, we got our boats into the river with the assistance of Mr. Dameron, who kindly aided us. After a two-hour's sail from this place we landed in the vicinity of Blacks, with our clothes stained with the variations of the soil over which we had passed, and our ardent longings for the "unknown pleasures of the sailor" at the lowest ebb.

Result of the Walking Match.

Yesterday afternoon, writes a correspondent from Cacheville, our town was surprised by the appearance of a stranger who was walking along the railroad in the direction of the depot. He was apparently an Irishman, and his looks proclaimed an unusual physical exertion. He carried his coat on his shoulder, and was traveling very rapidly. When he reached the Depot, however, his looks changed from anxiety to the deepest satisfaction. He sat down on the walk in front of the railroad office, and cast frequent glances down the railroad in the direction of Woodland. Finally people following in the direction of his looks saw another person just crossing the bridge. In a few minutes the new comer, an Englishman, joined the Irishman, and the two—after conversing a little while—took their way in the direction of our town, and disappeared in Johnny Powers' saloon. Having the curiosity to find out what the two strangers were bent upon doing, I followed them into the saloon. When I went in the door I found them both sitting at a card table and conversing about a walking match. The Englishman said: "Well, my friend, although you have beaten me in this match I still hold to my original proposition that the English race are superior to any in the world." "That's all right," responded the Irishman, "You are entitled to your opinion, but you are wrong. Look at England's actions in the present European crisis. She has lost much of her prestige by her wavering attitude, and now a representative of kingdom is taken up on his own proposition and beaten." After much desultory conversation the gentlemen went to the hotel and engaged rooms for the night. I found out that they had walked from Woodland to Cacheville on a bet of five dollars, which was won by the Irishman. The time made between the two places was one hour and two minutes, which was pretty good walking for amateurs.

A Terrible Crime.

[*From The Daily Democrat of Thursday.*]

About two o'clock this morning the attention of officers Schriber and Coulter was attracted by frantic yells and shrieks emanating from a small China house in the rear of Weaver's blacksmith shop. They ran to the house indicated by the noise, and when they reached it they found everything in an uproar. Upon entering, a horrible sight presented itself. A Chinawoman was lying in one of the little rooms terribly mangled and dead. She had been cut on the forehead, and, in fact, the head and face were all cut up with deep wounds. The deed had apparently been done with a hatchet. The officers sought the assistance of several citizens and proceeded to arrest all the Chinamen in the house as soon as they saw that a murder had been committed. Six Mongolians were captured and marched off to jail, where they are now awaiting the verdict of the Coroner's jury. That a most foul murder has been perpetrated by these heathens is only too plain. Further particulars will be given to morrow.

AH TUNG'S CRIME.

[*From The Daily Democrat of Friday.*]

A Coroner's Jury was empaneled yesterday to investigate into the homicide which occurred in the washhouse in the rear of Weaver's blacksmith shop. It appears from the testimony elicited from the witnesses examined before Coroner Krellenberg, that the murdered woman, Ah Moy, was the possessor of a very fine and costly set of jewelry. A Chinese gallant who boasted the euphonious cognomen of Ah Tung was tempted by the value of these articles. He had expressed the determination to become the owner of them, let come what would, or in any manner in which he could obtain them. He had been living in Williams and had come down to Woodland for the express purpose of getting the jewelry. Ah Moy retired to her couch to sleep, doubtless feeling secure. At a late hour Ah Tung applied for admission, the door of the room was opened and he entered. Then was perpetrated the tragedy. When the policemen were summoned to the place by the noise, they found the Chinawoman lying on the floor surrounded by the evidences of the terrible struggle. A bloody hatchet was found on the premises. It had been ground to a very sharp edge, apparently for the very purpose for which it was used. The floor of the little room was covered with blood, the bed was stained with the life tide of the woman, and the broken window showed the place of egress of the heathen murderer. On the outside of the window was a barrel, and the blood on it showed that the assassin had fallen into it when he had jumped from the window. Blood on the fence in the rear of house showed where he climbed over to escape, and blood on Aronson's gate showed the print of the flying vilain's fingers. As soon as the officers arrived on the scene of the crime and became acquainted with the circumstances, they set about to search for Ah Tung. But it was of no avail; the murderer had escaped. Five Chinamen and one Chinawoman were captured in the house and taken to jail. Telegrams were sent to all the points on the road for the purpose of apprehending the murderer which resulted in the receipt, by Sheriff Barney, of a telegram, stating that a Chinaman agreeing with the description sent, had been arrested in Williams, Colusa county. Sheriff Barney proceeded to Williams last night for the purpose of taking charge of the arrested man. It is difficult to predict how the case will turn out, as the conviction of a Chinaman for a crime is next to impossible. But it is hoped that the perpetrator of the foul deed will be brought to justice. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was in accordance with the above facts.

THE BURIAL OF AH MOY.

[*From The Daily Democrat of Sunday.*]

The funeral of Ah Moy, the murdered Chinawoman, took place Friday afternoon. The plumed hearse drove up to the undertaker's and the remains were placed in the vehicle. Her shroud was of sky blue silk and the casket which contained her body was of black velvet studded with silver nails. Four carriages contained the party who followed the coffin to its last resting place, and on the seat of the hearse rode the husband of the murdered woman. They filed slowly down Main street, and those who occupied the mourner's position gave no token of grief. The Chinamen were puffing their cigars, and the one woman in the procession occupied her time in distributing small papers filled with holes upon the street. They reached the grave yard. The coffin was lowered into the grave and the dirt was slowly piled in in the midst of weird incantations and cabalistic utterances. The Chinawoman forced her little son upon his knees and placed his head softly on the fresh earth. Three tiny cups were thrown into the excavation, and as the earth covered them over the lone woman mourner burst into a flood of agonizing tears. The little child, when he observed the grief of his mother, arose from the ground and mingled his sobs with hers. The grave was filled, fires were lighted, and tapers, illustrative of their religious belief, were thrown around the spot to mark the grave of Ah Moy. Provisions were placed near the grave, and when this was done the small procession drove away. Here Ah Moy will rest until her bones are disintered and taken to the flowery land that gave her birth.

Fine Barley.

Mr. Wm. Flynn brought into our office yesterday one of the finest specimens of growing barley we have ever seen. Some of the stalks are four feet and a half in height, and the heads of grain are large and remarkably well filled. Mr. Flynn's ranch is situated about eight miles northwest of Cacheville, in a region of red gravel. This kind of soil is very poor for agricultural pursuits, and the large crop which will be raised this year by Mr. Flynn illustrates the practicability of large yields from inferior soil by thorough cultivation. Mr. Flynn is a good farmer and takes advantage of every agricultural art for the fertilization of his land. He has about forty acres of this barley, and although the specimens shown us are from the best portions of the crop, all of it is exceedingly good and promises a large yield. His wheat crop is also very promising, and he is jubilant over the pleasing outlook. He says that most of his grain will be ready for heading by the first of May. He says also that his crop is no better than his neighbors', and that in localities where the land has escaped inundation the prospects have never been better for an enormous yield.

An Accident Near Swingle's.

Tuesday evening, as a party of excursionists were returning to Sacramento from Davisville, an accident occurred in which one of the party nearly lost his life. When near Swingle's in the overflowed district one of the party fell out of the boat. As he sank for the second time, in fifteen feet of water, another of the party grabbed him by the hair and after considerable exertion managed to get him into the boat again. He was taken to a house near the scene of the accident and made as comfortable as possible until he recovered sufficiently to be taken home. The name of the rescued man is Dick Paddock.

The sidereal day, it is said, is larger by one part in 2,700,000 than it was 720 B. C.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

The people of the United States have been so spoiled by an excess of prosperity that they imagine, whenever a small reverse occurs, that everything is going to the dogs. During the past few years a large amount of nominal wealth has disappeared, and the summing up is fearful in appearance; but after all has there been any real loss? asks the *Bee*. If we foot up the sham fortunes lost, the result would about equal the depreciations in false value—but the actual loss will be small. Time and observation will show the historian that the so-called financial adversity of the past few years has been nothing more than an effort on the part of commerce to slough off the old skin that was impeding its progress. Business has been slowly growing back to the peace standard. This process of re-adjustment to new conditions has been more or less painful to individuals and localities, but the United States as a whole is in a prosperous condition. Let the reader who supposes everything has gone to the dogs, make a note of the following facts: First—The country has produced enough to feed its own people, with enough left over to enable us to stand a famine, or to feed another nation as large as our own. Second—We have met with extraordinary success in manufacturing, and we are able to compete with the English and undersell them at a profit at their own doors. This is an immeasurable triumph. Our manufacturing interests may not be making as much money as they would like, but a country which can and does manufacture as successfully and extensively as ours, is in a prosperous condition. Third—We are selling more than we buy—our exports vastly exceed our imports, and we have the control of exchange. The balance of trade is very largely in our favor and we are paying our debts. Fourth—We have accumulated a vast hoard of gold and silver coin, to say nothing of currency. The Republic is supplied with a magnificent fund. The Nation is then in a prosperous condition, and prosperity will extend to the people in due time. The people of the United States hold in their hands an immense capital, and the way is fast opening for an extensive and profitable use of it. If England should surrender to the insane mania which now afflicts her, the people of this country would grow rich in consequence. But a wide-spread prosperity will come in a more desirable manner.

BOOTH'S WATER BILL.

Senator Booth has prepared a bill which defines the nature and extent of the ownership an individual may acquire in water. The bill provides that "the fresh waters of all rivers and streams with a flow of more than 50,000 gallons per day, and of all lakes and ponds of more than one acre in area, upon the public lands of the United States, are hereby reserved for free and common use where the same are situated," etc., the bill going on to define the order in which claims to its use may be maintained. Thus, first in order comes drinking, then washing and domestic purpose, its use for irrigation and manufacturing being permitted after other purposes are served. The bill continues: "And no private property or ownership founded upon grant, custom or otherwise, shall ever be created or allowed in such water to supercede or prevail against said common right of its inhabitants." The bill reserves to States the right to make such reasonable regulations as may be deemed necessary to protect first appropriations of water to a useful or beneficial purpose. All surveys of public land and all rights acquired are hereafter to conform to the conditions of the bill, should it become a law. Some such law as this is necessary to define and limit the right a corporation or individual may acquire in water. When the State was settled, and there were few inhabitants to look out for, the custom was established that the first locator of a water course had a legal right to hold the same, and could keep his right good by expending a small sum each year on the work for which ostensibly the water was claimed. This custom strictly adhered to would enable one man (or a company) to hold possession of a stream of water for his own purposes even after he had become necessary for the uses of the people. Mr. Booth's bill preserves priority of right, says the *Call*, but makes all individual rights subject to the needs of community. Property or absolute ownership in water is limited to personal uses, the right to use water by an individual being merely a right by courtesy so long as it was not needed for more urgent uses.

A cargo of wheat was, on Thursday at San Francisco, says the *Bulletin*, cleared for Valparaiso by Parrott & Co. It is a long time since a similar quantity of wheat has been sent to that market. Usually there is a surplus for export from Chile. Whether the California cargo is on account of a short supply there, or whether it is sent down for seed purposes, we are not informed. Last November we sent a partial cargo of wheat to Callao, which arrived out on the 28th of January. In the earlier history of California considerable South American flour was imported at San Francisco.

THE LION IN THE HOLE OF BERNARD.

Governor Stanford, the King of the Railroad system of this Coast, has had a conversation with Kearny, the leader of the Workingmen's agitation at Sacramento, says the *Examiner*, and it is reported that the great railway magnate made such good use of his opportunity that Kearny was converted to the belief that the railroad corporation is the best friend to the laboring interest of any other in this State. And as an immediate consequence of the peculiar effect the talk had upon Kearny, he is now expected to use whatever influence he possesses, in the Legislature and elsewhere, to the advantage of the Railroad Company. In view of the fact that it was Kearny's talk which enabled the Central Pacific owners to employ several hundred needy laborers to work in the storm and mud in the Potrero cut this Winter for ninety-two cents—a dollar in silver—for ten hours of severe toil, while they were paying their coolies one dollar and seventeen cents per day for much lighter labor, it is worth the attention of the mass of laborers who listen to or follow Kearny's counsels, to reflect upon this extraordinary intimacy between their rampant leader and the astute great railroad monarch. If the Railroad Company can use Kearny, and he all the time prevails upon the Workingmen's organization to adopt his counsels, the result might be his delivery of them into the clutches of that colossal corporation, quite as he delivered so many hundreds of them to give the Company two dollars' worth of hard labor for less than one dollar in coin. When the lion enacts the fox, to hold conference with the wolf, it is high time for the sheep to provide better protection for themselves. Possibly Kearny is beyond the temptation of gold, but it is well enough for the Workingmen to bear in mind that it is a very subtile, potent, persuasive factor in diplomacy as well as in trade. Judas got only thirty pieces. It might have been considered a nice stake in his age, but the "piece" club developments of this generation have largely aduanced the tariff, and, moreover, there were no Railroad Kings in Judas' time to make it very advantageous for him to see things differently. Bigger men than Kearny have fallen down before the golden rod of the Central Pacific. And the Company never allows the condition of the object they wish to move or remove to interfere with their determination to get down to it.

THE RELIEF CANAL.

The *Bee* of the 27th has the following in regard to the Canal Bill: The Relief Canal Bill passed the Assembly last night under suspension of the rules and is now in the Senate. As amended (providing that every land-owner in the district shall be entitled to vote on the proposition to go on with the work) there is no further objection that we know of to its passage through the Senate. Sacramento is a county which will maintain a levee system, and she will be a great gainer by this proposed canal. It will save thousands of acres of rich land which can be depended on in years of drouth to supply the entire city of San Francisco with potatoes and other market produce. Those residents of Sacramento who have heretofore objected to the bill are withdrawing their opposition, and the Senate will doubtless pass the bill without serious delay.

SILVER AT PAR.

Sherman makes the following statement in regard to the silver dollar law: "I have this opinion, which I express strongly, that under the law as it now stands we can maintain the silver dollar at par with the best money afloat, either gold or currency, and can issue fifty, sixty, or perhaps one hundred millions of these silver dollars, giving great relief to the people. I think we can issue from fifty to one hundred millions at par in gold, but we can do it only on the basis of the present law." Such is the deliberate, carefully considered opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury.

THE Congress to consider the treaty between Russia and Turkey, will probably not agree even if convened, owing to the jealousy of England and Austria. Each power is to have two Representatives in the Congress. Russia will submit the whole treaty. British vessels of war are allowed to pass the Dardanelles. At times war seems imminent, and again peaceful measures are adopted.

SAYS the San Francisco *Stock Exchange:* Frank Pixley, Dennis Kearney, Loring Pickering, Wm. Wellock, G. K. Fitch, J. Rooney, James Dows and Knight will be candidates for the Constitutional Convention at large, from this Congressional District. They are all Workingmen.

HARD times continue in the Eastern States. In Massachusetts some of the cotton manufacturers talk of reducing production to make prices better. The frequent suspensions of banks, also, serves to increase the general suspense.

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1878.

To Bary Jade.

The bood is beabig brighdly, love;
The sdars are shidig too;
While I ab gazig dreabily,
Add thickig, love, of you,
You caddot, oh! you caddot kdow,
By darling, how I biss you—
(Oh, what a fearful cold I've got,
Ok-tish-u! Ch-ek-tish-u!)

I'b sitting in the arbor, love,
Where you sat by by side,
Whed od that calb, autubdal dight,
You said you'd be by bride.
Oh! for wud bobed't to caress
Add tedlerly to kiss you;
Budt do! we're baddy biles apart—
(Ho-rash-o! Ck-ek tish-u!)

This charbing evedig brings to bide
The tibe whed first we bet;
It seebes budt odly yesterday;
I thigk I see you yet;
Oh! tell me, ab I still you owd?
By hopes—oh do not dash theb!
(Cod fond by cold, 'tis getting worse—
Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-*thrash*-eb?)

Good-by, by darling, Bary Jade!
The bid-dight hour is dear;
Add it is hardly wise by love,
For be to liger here
The heavy dews are falling fast;
A bod good dight I wish you.
(Ho-rash-o!—there it is agaid,
Ck-*thrash*-ub! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

—*Leedle Yawcob Strauss.*

The Gold Robber.

It was on a November evening that we all sat round a cheerful fire after dinner. Uncle John, who had come home from Australia a week before, was giving us various bits of information about the climate, people, &c., in that favored country. He paused for a while, so I asked him, "Couldn't you tell us a story of your adventures, or something that happened to you, uncle?"

"Well," he answered, "I've had so many adventures, small and great, that it's hard to pick out one; but suppose I tell you the first that happened to me,—will that satisfy you?"

We all declared we should be delighted to hear it; so, giving the fire a poke, and all of us drawing near the blaze, he began the following:

"You know when I first went to Australia, there was a great excitement about the gold that was being found in several places; and, like a great number of people, I was seized with gold mania, and went to the diggings. You all know also, that I was very fortunate there—but of that I have nothing to say now, as I am going to tell you what befell me one night, about a fortnight after my arrival at the diggings.

"Your uncle Tom, who was with me, was up the country for a couple of days with an old school-fellow, whom he had found in that remote region; so I found myself on this particular night the sole occupant of our hut. I had retired to my hammock rather early that night; but I could not go to sleep, but kept tossing about for a long time. At last I opened my eyes wide, with the conviction that sleep was not within my grasp for that night; and I began looking round the hut at such objects as the remains of the fire made clear enough to be seen. As I looked round, a dark object in one corner arrested my attention; it was a corner not lighted by fire, so that I took some moments to make out what it was; but at last I came to the pleasant conclusion that there was some one else in the hut besides myself.

"Now this was a particularly inconvenient thing, to say the least of it; for I knew nobody personally who lived about us; but I knew very well that as a general rule, they were a coarse low lot of ruffians, a great many of them convicts, and men who had to fly from their countries for various reasons best known to themselves, so you may perhaps form a slight idea of my feelings. I knew it was not my brother, for he would not be back for two days; besides, why should he come in so silently, and stand there so mysteriously. But what puzzled me most was how any one could get there, for I had most carefully fastened the door before retiring to rest. I thought my eyes might be deceived, but on looking more intently on the dark object, I distinctly saw the outline of a pair of shoulders and one arm, but it was impossible to see the head or feet, as the shade was so heavy in the corner.

"Now, in this very corner we had a chest, in which we brought various clothes and other necessaries, and in which we meant to put any gold we might find—I say meant, because we had not got any up to the present time—so I, of course, concluded that my visitor was examining this chest with a view of robbery, and I thought the best thing I could do would be to remain quiet for the present; but I spoiled my plan by turning on my side so as to watch the robber better, and in doing so I made what seemed to me a great deal of noise. I now thought there was no use in concealment, so drawing a revolver, which I always kept under my head at night, I called out, "Come forward at once and show yourself, or I'll blow your brains out."

"I made as much noise as I could in cocking the revolver, so as to give my threat more weight; but the gentleman in the corner seemed to take no notice, for he remained perfectly quiet. I was undecided what to do till the thought struck me that the robber might at that moment be meditating shooting me from where he was, and this thought made my blood run cold, for I thought of the friends and relations I had left at home, and of the state they would be in when they heard I had been shot in Australia; so I again called out, 'Whoever you are, I'll give you but one chance; I'll count three, and if at the third word you don't come forward, I'll fire.'

"I told you I could not see the man's head, so I aimed at where I thought it ought to be, and counted slowly, 'One, two, three!'

"At the word 'three' I fired four shots in quick succession, for I thought that in the almost total darkness my aim might not be very good; but they seemed to have taken effect, for when the smoke cleared away, I looked in vain for my midnight visitor. I could not summon courage to get up and look for his body; not that I was exactly afraid, but I had a horrible feeling of having shed a human being's blood, which I had never done before, and I firmly believe I would almost rather have been shot by the robber than have the fearful thought on my mind that I had killed him.

"Never did I spend such a night. I could not get rid of the one thought of having deprived a fellow creature of life, especially while he was in the act of robbing, and perhaps intending murder; but more horrible than all was the idea that I might possibly have been the means of sending him to a fearful eternity. In vain I tried to persuade myself that it was to save my own life I had done it; this seemed to me a poor excuse. However, I fell into a disturbed sleep, which lasted till morning; but the moment I awoke the dreadful night recurred to my mind, although I felt rather more calm. I thought I had had a horrible dream, but on examining my revolver I found four chambers discharged. I rose and looked about the room, but in vain I sought the body of the intruder. This, however, relieved me greatly, as I thought he could not have been killed, but only wounded, and had escaped out of the hut while I was asleep; but on going to the door I was more perplexed than ever, for the door had evidently not been opened, as it was securely fastened on the inside.

"That day I could not bear to do anything but sit at my fire and think over my adventure, and try to solve the mystery, for mystery I concluded there certainly was; but I could come to no satisfactory conclusion with regard to it.

"The next day my brother came back, but I thought it better not to say anything about my visitor to him—at all events not until I found out who or what the intruder was.

"That evening I returned to the hut after my day's work. I had found my first nugget, which, however, was a very small one, and was entering the door, when I saw my brother sitting on a stool, with a coat across his knees, which seemed to perplex him very much. When he saw me he called me, and asked me if I could account for two holes which were in the back of the coat he was examining. Of course I knew nothing about them. He said he had left the coat hanging in the corner, and had just found it down behind the chest, and with those two holes, which he thought very like pistol shots, through the back.

"The explanation flashed across my mind immediately: my midnight robber was nothing else than my brother's coat hanging on the wall! On examining it further I found the loop by which it hung was cut, evidently by one of the shots, and this accounted for its falling.

"I need scarcely say what laughter it caused when I told my brother this; but, small adventure as it seems, I shall never forget my night with the gold robber."

F. V. O.

Glimpses of Lincoln.

So much has been written about Lincoln's private life and personal habits, that it seems unnecessary now to add more than a word. He was simple in all his tastes; liked old songs and old poetry. He was always neatly, but not finically dressed. He disliked gloves, and once I saw him extract seven or eight pairs of gloves from an overcoat pocket, where they had accumulated after having been furnished him by Mrs. Lincoln. Usually, he drank tea and coffee at the table, but he preferred milk, or cold water. Wine was never on the table at the White House, except when visitors, other than familiar friends, were present. The President's glass was always filled, and he usually touched it to his lips. Sometimes he drank a few swallows, but never a whole glass, probably. He was cordial and affable, and his simple-hearted manners made a strong impression upon those who met him for the first time. I have known impressionable women, touched by his sad face and his gentle bearing, to go away in tears. Once I found him sitting in his chair so collapsed and weary that he did not look up or speak when I addressed him. He put out his hand, mechanically, as if to shake hands, when I told him I had come at his bidding. It was several minutes before he was aroused enough to say that he "had had a mighty hard day." Once, too, at a reception in the White House, I joined the long "queue" of people, shook hands with him, received the usual "Glad to see you, sir," and passed on. Later in the evening, meeting me, he declared that he had not seen me before, and explained his preoccupation of manner while the people were shaking hands with him by saying that he was "thinking of a man down South." It afterward came out that "the man down South" was Sherman. Once, when a visitor used profane language in his presence, he rose and said, "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good night." At another time, a delegation from a distant State waited on him with a written protest against certain appointments. The paper contained some reflections upon the character of Senator Baker, Lincoln's old and beloved friend. With great dignity, the President said, "This is my paper which you have given me?" Assured that it was, he added, "To do with as I please?" "Certainly, Mr. President." Lincoln stooped to the fire-place behind him, laid it on the burning coals, turned and said, "Good day, gentlemen."—*Noah Brooks, in Scribner.*

COURTEOUS CONSIDERATION.—A rare exhibition of courteous consideration for others occurred not long since at one of Heller's entertainments in this city. Two ladies entered, and were shown to their "reserved seats" in the center of a row of chairs. In a few minutes one said to the other—the conversation was overheard by a gentleman who reported it to the writer—"Our carriage is ordered at ten o'clock, and the entertainment will not be over for some time after that hour. If we leave at ten, we shall disturb every one in the room. Let us take two chairs at the end of a row farther back."

They left their seats, among the most eligible in the house, and retired to the unreserved seats farther back. Of course the action attracted the attention of the usher, who, learning the reason of their removal, gave them two side seats nearer the platform. At ten o'clock, they quietly retired, alike considerate of the comfort of the audience and the coachman.

Such courtesy in public places is not so common but that attention may be properly called to this delicate act. The two ladies deserve the appellation of high-bred.

A TEACHER having forgotten to take with her an article she wanted, sent one of her scholars and told him to ask her mother for the catalogue. She repeated the word, and, fearing that he might forget it, she explained that it was a list of books. Johnny went promptly on the errand, and told the mother that "Miss Jones wanted the cat-an'-dog." "The what?" "The cat-an'-dog," emphatically. "You are a real good boy," said the mother, approvingly, "to come with the errand, but we haven't a cat or dog in the world." Johnny looked blank an instant and then blurted out: "'Twas the best o' books." "Oh!" And he got the catalogue.

The Newspaper.

Of all classes agriculturists should appreciate a good newspaper. Living a retired life—deprived of and isolated from the society of the learned and cultured, spending most of their time on the farm, they must look to their "paper" as a schoolmaster or educator for the special as well as the passing events of the day. How all-important then that their "paper" should be wisely chosen. One that shall not only give the important political and national news of the day, but also contain a fresh rich lesson for every member of the household. It is wisely said that a man can not read the Bible attentively and honestly without becoming wiser and better; on the other hand a man can not peruse a bad book without becoming contaminated. Can a man handle charcoal without soiling or crocking his fingers? Therefore the importance and the responsibility is apparent to every head of the family. Heaven consigns no higher obligation upon the parent than to morally and intellectually school his children. And they are, in the main, "educated" and molded by the literature and parental example and influence with which they are surrounded. Then let it be "pure;" white as a lily and fragrant as the rose.

Heaven requires without exception that every parent should bring up his children in the way they should go, and if ever this was a duty and a command is it not now,—when men in high position are falling upon every hand? No tragedy that Shakespeare ever wrote bears any comparison to the tragedies that are taking place among us continually. There are no such strange occurrences described in fiction as those which are witnessed in actual life. Men are breaking down—men are overtaken by all forms of evil, and the air is murky with wickedness. Is no one to be alarmed? Is no one to raise a voice of warning? Is no one to pray for the imperiled? Is no one to rescue those who are hasteuing on to destruction? One could wish that we might return to the habits, fundamental principles and virtue of our Puritan ancestors. When virtue was rewarded and crime was punished.—*Rural Home.*

A Distressed Chinaman.

A late New York paper gives another specimen of the droll "accidents" always happening to careless people in the neighborhood of caged monkeys:

Around the monkeys' cages and the giraffes' pen in the Aquarium are posted various notices to the ladies, warning them not to approach too near, lest the animals seize their bonnets; yet the attendants say that it frequently occurs that some lady disregards the notices, and her millinery suffers damages. Yesterday, however, those in the Aquarium were startled by a sudden crash of broken china from the monkeys' room, and, hastening thither, were greeted with a remarkable sight.

The noise, or so much of it as did not consist of the chattering of the animals, came from the mouth of an almond-eyed Chinese gentleman, in a blue blouse and black trowsers. He stood with his back to the cage in which the largest monkeys are kept, and, with both his hands to his head, was struggling to tear himself away. He was firmly held, however, by the pig-tail, which, firmly attached by nature to the back of his head by one end, was almost as firmly grasped at the other by as many monkeys as could get hold of it.

The one at the tip end nibbled complacently at the new bow of ribbon that secured the hair, and the others were blaspheming vigorously in their native tongue. Competent authorities declare that it is impossible to swear in the Chinese language. The gentleman who was striving to gain his freedom seemed to realize this, by the expression of his face. He did the best he could, however, with the imperfect language he did know. As quickly as they could, from laughter, the attendants opened the cage door, and one entering, beat off the monkeys and rescued the gentleman. He shook his fist vindictively at the cage, and hurried away without leaving his card, while the baffled apes made din enough to induce the seals, the hippopotamus and all the birds to join the chorus.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—One thing may be particularly noticed in English women. The mouth, when beautiful, is absolutely statuesque. The curves are decided, and at the juncture of the red of the lips with the white, there is a delicately raised outline which marks the form of the feature in a very noble way. This may also be said of the nostril. It gives a chiseled effect to those features, which is not so often found elsewhere; but the nose itself, the brow, and the set and carriage of the head are generally finer among Americans.

In both countries, however, the head is apt to be too large for perfect proportion. This is a characteristic defect of the English type of beauty. Then, again, the articulations are heavy. Really fine arms are rare; but fine wrists are still rarer. Such a wrist as the Viennoise women have are almost unknown among women of English race in either country. It is often said, even in England, that American women have more beautiful feet than English women have. This may be doubted. The feet may be smaller, but they generally look smaller because English women wear larger and heavier shoes.

A MADMAN'S FREAKS.—William Cushman, a passenger on the fast line west over the Pennsylvania road, became deranged on the cars, and, as the train was passing Carney's station, forty miles east of Pittsburgh, he ran out on the platform and made a desperate leap from the train, which was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. The madman escaped with a few slight bruises, and, when the conductor stopped the train, was not to be found. After the train pulled out he made his way to the signal-station, near Carney's, from which he sent a telegram to the Superintendent, saying he had jumped from the train to escape a party of men aboard who wanted to shoot him. The telegraph operator did what he could to quiet the man, but in a short time he became very violent, and, drawing a revolver, forced the operator to vacate. The latter notified the fireman, who ordered out his force, and attempted to capture the insane man. The latter, however, held possession, threatening to shoot the first one that entered until daylight, when he set fire to the signal tower and was forced to jump from the window to escape the flames. He was instantly captured.

THE son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hulloa!" he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat!"

Seal Skin Fur.

In killing the seals great care is used. The instrument of destruction is a long club of hard wood, with which the animals are struck a hard blow on the head. One is usually sufficient. A long, sharp knife is then thrust into the vitals, and the carcass laid aside; and so on until one thousand have been slain, when the work of skinning commences. When taken off, the skins are salted, and sent home in that condition. On arrival they are properly cured; and then comes the preparation needed for their conversion into what is popularly called "seal skin."

It is difficult to conceive how that beautiful article of dress can ever be manufactured out of the very unattractive object the skin presents at this juncture. It is as hard and unyielding as a board, and the stiff, coarse hairs cover the fur so completely that its very existence might be unsuspected. How to separate the fur is a problem.

For many years each individual hair was plucked out separately, at, of course, a vast expenditure of time and money, until a lucky accident revealed to the dressers that the roots of the hair were more deeply seated than those of the fur. Now, therefore, after the preliminary separation, the skins are laid hair downwards upon a wooden block with a curved surface, and pared down with a knife until the roots of the hairs have been cut through, and the skin is a very little thicker than a kid glove. All the coarser hair can then be brushed off with the hand, leaving the fur, which is then seen to be arranged in small curls, of a light-brown color, varying slightly in shade in the different parts. In consequence, nearly all "seal skin" is dyed before it is sold, and in the process of dyeing the curls untwist themselves, and the fur becomes smooth and ready for use.

Humorous.

THE original greenbacks were frogs and they have always been inflationists

WHY is it difficult to drown a drunken man? Because he's safe so long as his head swims.

THE reason why some people are so fond of putting on airs is because that's about all they have to put on.

"WHEN I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His wife said she presumed he would.

WHEN a man wants to call a puppy he whistles, but a girl just walks along with her handkerchief floating across her shoulder.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A GOOD bony gentleman of one hundred and seventy pounds will yield on cremation one and a half pounds of first-class ashes.—*Boston Globe.*

THE difference between a fool who has been through college and a fool who has not is that the latter knows he is a fool while the former does not.—*Cook.*

"JOHN," asked a doctor of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door-knob this morning."

"How nicely this corn pops," said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green." The "question" was the next thing that was popped.

SNAILS AS FOOD.—In some parts of France, snails are specially reared for the Paris markets, the natural delicate flavor of their flesh being improved by feeding them on beds of aromatic herbs. It is not only as a delicacy that snails are so generally appreciated in France. They also take high rank as a most nutritious food, and from the time of the Romans downward have been regarded as an excellent medicine in consumption and weakness of the chest. According to Payen they contain seventy per cent. of water, sixteen per cent of nitrogen, one per cent. of fat, and two per cent of salts, and five per cent. of undetermined matter. In preparing them for the table they are first well washed and then thrown, shells and all, into boiling water, where they are allowed to remain until well cooked. The liquor is then strained off, the contents of the shells extracted with a suitable instrument, and chopped up into a fine hash with sardines and bread crumbs. The shells are then crammed with this forcemeat, broiled lightly in butter, garnished with parsley, and served up with the sauce prepared from the broth obtained in the boiling stage of the process. It is not generally known that the French first acquired their appreciation of these delicate mollusks from the Germans, who introduced the custom of eating them into the eastern provinces, whence it spread rapidly through the whole country. In Germany it has fallen into complete disuse, except in some few parts of Bohemia.

INSANITY AND MATERNAL LOVE.—It has often been said, "The heart's memory outlasts the mind's." There is fine medical judgment in taking advantage of this general fact, and silently wooing back the reason of an insane mother, by tempting her natural affection. The following touching case is reported in the Staunton (Va.) *Vindicator*:

Some months ago, a lady was committed to the Western Lunatic Asylum as a patient, one phase of her insanity being almost complete silence. She appeared to know or notice no one. A few days ago her little daughter, a prattler not yet two years old, which she had not seen since she was bereft of her reason, was brought to see her. The mother had greatly altered in appearance, her hair being cut off, and the change in her mental health had been reflected in her features but the child sprang to her at once, and clasping her around the knees, buried her face in her dress, crying:

"It's my mamma — my own, own mamma!"

The mother hardly noticed the child, but the little one climbed into her lap, and commenced stroking her hair with its little hands, all the time crooning, "my own mamma!"

In a little while the mother began to notice it, and shortly the maternal feeling fully reasserted itself in close clasps of recognition and affection. Since the visit the patient has undergone marked improvement.

AN Iowa man recently exploded ten pounds of gunpowder under a platform where two score cats, allured by a liberal spread of milk and bones, were having an oratorio by moonlight. There was a general féline transformation scene, a shriek that would have made the hair stand up straight on a billiard ball, and fifteen minutes later the cats organized on the roof of a neighboring woodshed, passed resolutions expressive of their sentiments, and then went on with the performance just as if nothing had happened.

A Sensible Girl.

SHE WOULDN'T MARRY, BECAUSE IT WOULD TURN A SPLENDID BEAU INTO A BAD HUSBAND.

They were seated together side by side on the sofa in the parlor, in the most approved lover-fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, etc.

"Lizzie," said he, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred," she answered very calmly, "you have certainly been very attentive."

"But, Lizzie, darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife, Fred! Of all things! No, indeed; nor any one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly; and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have two very good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes—that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred, I've had over twenty-three sleigh rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentlemen friends." Fred winced a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill, or at the idea of Lizzie's sleighing with other gentlemen friends, I cannot positively aver. "How many do you think my sisters have had? Not the sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nellie were, too, and so much attention as they used to have?"

"Now, Lizzie—"

"I'm fond of going to the theatre occasionally, as well as to a lecture, or concert, sometimes, and I shouldn't like it if I proposed attending any such entertainment to be invariably told that times were too hard, and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to have him sneak off alone."

"Lizzie, Lizzie—"

"And then, if once in a dog's age he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places, at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously by my side. I'm of a dependent, clinging nature, and I need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense."

"I'm the youngest of our family, and perhaps a trifle spoiled. At all events, I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill temper which he conceals from the rest of the world on my poor defenseless head."

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—"

"Oh, yes, Fred; I know what you are going to say—that you will be different; but May and Nell have told me time and time again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived, and I'm inclined to believe them. No, no, Fred; as a lover you are just perfect, and I shall awfully hate to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying there are plenty of girls who have not married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example, if they have. And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to fill your place."

But before Lizzie had concluded Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the street door closed with a bang; "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's precisely the way John and Alex swear, and slam doors, when things don't go just right. He'd make a perfect bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau."

THE old saying that some men would want more if they had a billion was exemplified when a Windsorite and Detroiter got into a dispute at a ferry dock. Said the Canadian, "You ought to be well pounded, and I'm the man who can do it! However, I don't understand the laws over here, and don't want to be locked up. If you will come over to Canada I'll pay your fare both ways on the boat, buy your dinner, treat you to the cigars, lick you till you can't squeal, and send you home with beef on your eyes!"

The American thought of the proposition a while, and then asked:

"If I go over with you will you buy me a new overcoat?"

"I—I—yes, by thunder! I will!" replied the mad Windsorite.

"And a suit of clothes?"

"No, I won't! That's asking too much!"

"Well, those are the only terms I was ever licked on," calmly replied the other, "and your rejection of them shows you are all blow and no fight."

They took it out in jawing.

AN AMERICAN FOREST.—But the most interesting sight to me was the forest. It now appeared in all its pristine state and grandeur, tall, magnificent, boundless. I had been somewhat disappointed in not finding vegetation develop itself in larger forms in New England than with us; but there was no place for disappointment here. I shall fail, however, to give you the impression it makes on one. Did it arise from height, or figure, or grouping, it might readily be conveyed to you; but it arises chiefly from combination. You must see it in all its stages of growth, decay, dissolution and regeneration; you must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, and at other times spreading itself before you, like a natural park; you must see that all the clearances made by the human hand bear no higher relation to it than does a mountain to a globe; you must travel in it in solitariness, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing on it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye round in search of some pause, some end, without finding any—before you can fully understand the impression. Men say there is nothing in America to give you the sense of antiquity; and they mean that as there are no works of art to produce this effect, there can be nothing else.

MISS HANNAH ROTHSCHILD, the English heiress, has, in her own right, £120,000 per annum. The marriage of the young lady, which is to take place in March, will be celebrated according to the Jewish and Christian rites. She is not only an heiress, *hors ligne*, but like many of the ladies of her family, an enthusiast in music and art, and has very pronounced opinions upon politics and all other matters. On the Eastern question she is pro-Turkish.

A YOUNG man from Auburn, who went to the Black Hills last spring, has telegraphed to his father: "Fatted calf for one."

Evenings at the White House.

The president and family receive informally in the evening, sometimes in the red room and sometimes in the library. These visits, however, are only made by intimate personal friends, or by those warranted through their acquaintance to call in a social manner. The evenings in the library are charming. Brilliant and cultivated men and women gather in little knots in different parts of the spacious and cheerful apartment, and wit sparkles and anecdote enlivens conversation. The president frequently disappears; he has a private library, where he retires when any gentleman present wishes to speak with him on matters of policy or politics; but he soon returns, to all appearances as unruffled as if the great sea of public opinion had settled into a perfect calm. Mrs. Hayes entertains her visitors in an easy, cordial manner, moving among them with stately grace, and scattering pleasant words. Great gentleness and sweetness pervade the whole domestic life of the president's family. Little Fannie, the only daughter, a bright child of nine years, the pet and favorite of all who know her, is never visible at dinner or to evening visitors. "I am obliged to compromise with my little lady," remarked Mrs. Hayes with a smile, "as I found her growing old too fast for her years; we serve her dinner in her room, which she esteems a high compliment." The private dining room of the president's family is the only one of their private apartments which is on the great main floor of the White House. The meals are breakfast, lunch, and dinner, instead of breakfast, dinner, and tea, as in the time of Madison. No unusual forms and ceremonies are observed in the service further than those at any gentlewoman's table. The hospitalities of either lunch or dinner are frankly tendered to any familiar guest who may chance to be calling at the specified hour, and not unfrequently accepted.—*Martha J. Lamb, in Harper's Magazine.*

William Penn's Deed From the Indians.

This indenture witnesseth, that we, Packenah Jaracoam, Sinkals, Parteguesatt, Jewess, Espennock, Felkroy, Hekellapan, Econus, Machlona, Metchcougha, Hisa Powey, Indian Kings, Sachmakers, right owners of all lands from Quing Quingas, called Chester Creek, all along by west side of Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid by Wm. Penn, proprietary and governor of Pennsylvania and territories thereof, viz.: 20 guns, 20 fathoms matheoat, 20 pounds powder, 100 bars of leads, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pairs of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 barrels of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 80 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hanks of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 200 flints, 30 pairs of scissors, 80 combs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, one skipple of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 jewsharps, 20 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden screw-boxes, 100 strings of beads, do hereby acknowledge, etc. Given under our hands, etc., at New Castle, second day of eighth month, 1689.

The above is a true copy, taken from the original by Ephraim Morton, now living in Washington, Penn., formerly a clerk in the land office, which copy he gave to Wm. Stratton, and from which the above was taken in Little York, this 7th day of December, 1813.

THE STARS.—Look at the distant star which twinkles in the firmament. There it has shone with undiminished lustre for centuries. The eyes that have been sealed in death thousands of years have gazed upon it, and seen it the same as we behold it now. It has held its place through successive empires. If we look back through the vista of distant ages, we find it there. It beheld Rome in her might and majesty; it looked upon Babylon in the days of her glory; it saw Egypt in her rising greatness. Yet still it shines on, without change or diminution of lustre. Perpetuity, constancy and endurance of heavenly friendship. "Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and stars for a light by night; which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar. The Lord of Hosts is his name; if those ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel shall also cease from being a nation before me forever. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that has mercy on thee." If we attach so much value to the constancy that can abide but a few years at most, how can we estimate aright that which endures forever? Think of a friendship, the measures of whose duration is eternity itself, the tenura of it without limit or end! O what a basis for everlasting confidence is this!

BREVITY.—Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. Failure to follow out this apparently simple rule has made many a really learned man appear ridiculous when writing for the press or addressing a public assembly. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost among the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father: "Dear sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman who replied: "Dear son, go ahead." Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short; and we will be short with the advice.

ANTIQUE.—During the recent excavations in London, curious old boots, of rough and clumsy make, have been turned up. The peculiar quality of the soil in certain localities has preserved them from decay. They are of the style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and are probably four or five hundred years old.

A Good Story.

ALEX. H. STEPHENS AND BOB TOOMBS.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennet for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennet side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennet, "if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: You and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will git the advantage of us. I aint no lawyer nor doctor, and I aint no objections to them in their proper place; but they aint farmers, gentlemen of the jury.

"Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come an' to doctor my wife's sore leg. And he come an' put some salve truck onto it and some rags, and never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth $1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't!" thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with slow accents of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers when we sell our cotton has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors aint none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam. Royston is no doctor, nohow."

The physician again put in his oar, with, "Look at my diploma if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man who now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I p'int out to ye that he aint no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out: "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor?"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"That is a hard sayin', gentlemen of the jury, and one that requires me to die or to have powers as I've learn tell ceased to be exercised since the apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time and cry aloud, 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb, and say to um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor bills: 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up by some doctors?' He says, ask his patients, and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beazly's man, Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies! Mr. Peake's woman, Sarah, was attended by him, and her funeral was app'inted, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now, in glory, a' expressin' his opinion on Royston's doctorin'. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stevens'? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and the infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et chicken enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, and I am humbly thankful that he gave her nothin' for her inwards, as he did his other patients, for somethin' made um die mighty sudden—."

Here applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the doctor lost and Peter Bennet won.

A NEW SANITARY USE FOR TREES.—A correspondent of the *American Architect* calls attention to a phenomenon which he has observed in the outflow of waste from his own house. He has a close-built brick cesspool eight feet in diameter and eight feet deep, with an overflow thence for liquids into a percolating stone cesspool ten feet by ten feet; both are domed over at the top, closed each with a flat stone, and covered with soil. Unlike his neighbors, whose cesspools are constructed in the same manner and in the same kind of soil, but who are subjected to the necessity of cleaning out both cesspools at intervals; his own have been in use for four years without being opened, and have given no inconvenience. A few months ago a deep excavation in the street near his percolating or overflow cesspool revealed the fact that the moisture from it was absorbed by the roots of three large and flourishing trees, a tulip and two maples, in its immediate neighborhood. "There could be no accumulation of water," he says, "when there was such channels to draw it up." This certainly is an important point to be considered in locating the area of absorption for household waste.

THE mother of P. P. Bliss, the sweet singer, died at Towanda, Pa., recently. She had just moved into a comfortable home built from the royalty of gospel hymns written by her son.

ALWAYS take a rope into your room at the hotel. It may enable you to slide out even if there is no fire. A big boarding bill is as bad as a conflagration.

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops
Where the Oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and brave of the land,
The sword and chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

How It All Ended.

BY WILLIS GRIBBLE.

A gloriously beautiful woman, with deep Murillo eyes, as dusk as bits of midnight sky; hair that glimmered like waving drifts of gold in the sunlight, and changed into glistening silver in the shade. She was more than beautiful, Dacre Dalrieth thought, as he stood there in the early autumn twilight, the pink and amber heavens looking calmly down upon them, and the dry brown leaves falling from the desolate trees and breaking the dead stillness with her almost human moans.

He was staring blankly up into her face, and wondering why nature had made her so wondrously fair—gazing into her face, all the voiceless love of his soul glowing in his eyes. He forgot the barrier between them—forgot everything save that he loved her better than his very soul.

And she was watching him as minutely as he was watching her, and asking of herself why his tongue did not repeat the words of love that were striving vainly for utterance in his eyes; the words that would place another heart in the dust at her feet, and allow her to trample relentlessly upon it. For he was only a country physician, and she a millionaire's daughter; and if he had let his heart go out in honest love for her, he must bear the burden of his folly.

That was what Venice Verne said to herself as she stood there among the stately maple trees with Dacre Dalrieth hovering like a vassal at her side. And while she was musing thus, he had flung himself upon the leaf-lined orchard path and, clasping her hand tightly within his own, told her the story she was listening for.

"I can keep my secret no longer!" he cried. "Venice, listen to me. I love you! Will you be my wife?"

She wrested her hand from him proudly, and, standing there in the deepening twilight, turned his heart to stone.

"I never dreamed it would come to this," she said, calmly, with truth at a terrible discount. "I never thought of you save as a friend, and scarcely that; our acquaintance has been so short—so very, very short, you know."

"Don't say that!" he cried, passionately. "You will drive me mad! Listen, Venice, listen!"

"I will listen to no more," she said, her voice as calm as the summer seas. "I will listen to no more. You seem to have forgotten who I am, and what you are."

"I had forgotten," he said, brokenly. "Yes, God pity me, I had forgotten—forgotten!"

"We never find out our mistakes until it is too late," she said, with a low, bitter laugh. "Your love for me was a great but not a fatal mistake. You will live down your love, and forget it and me. I am going home to-morrow; this is the last hour we shall spend together; do not let it be darkened with anger and anguish, and let us part as friends."

He rose from her feet and held out his trembling hand toward her, but she did not see it and it fell to his side again.

"As you are going, I will bear you no ill will," he said. "I will strive to forget what has passed between us, and bury the memory in the grave of my wounded heart. As you wish it, we will part friends, but if you should ever cross the pathway of my life again, we shall meet as enemies. Good-by."

He bent down till his lips touched the bright gold of her hair, then, without a word, turned from her and went slowly down the tree-bordered path toward the sleepy village that lay beyond; and out of Venice Verne's life for years, but not forever.

* * * * * *

Ten years have elapsed. Dacre Dalrieth had been vastly more than fortunate during these years. From the New Jersey village, where Venice Verne had so darkened his life, he went to Boston and began the practice of his profession. For six long years he fought unceasingly with adversity, but gained a crowning victory in the end. Two years later he accepted the position of director of the —— Hospital, New York. And so it was that we find him to-day in his easy-chair in the private office of the hospital- find him as strong and handsome as upon the day, ten years ago, when Venice Verne turned his heart to dust.

"Venice Verne." The name was a stranger to his lips—a greater stranger to his thoughts; he had forgotten her and forgotten the past. A copy of the *Herald* lay half open in his lap; heavily perfumed "La Reine" turned to purplish ashes between his lips; he leaned lazily back in his chair, and gazed out through the tightly-closed window at the crowd that thronged Fourth avenue that dreary December day.

The snow began to quiver down in large, feathery flakes, and swept into heavy drifts upon the window sash, and just then and there Dr. Dalrieth's musings were brought to a close by a loud, heavy rap upon the thick oaken door.

"Come in!" said Dr. Dalrieth, wheeling about in his chair and flinging aside the remnant of his cigar.

The door was opened slightly, just enough to allow a thick bullet-head to be thrust in.

"A leddy to see ye, sir, if ye plaze," drawled John, the Celtic door-attendant. "Another applicint for work; asked to see the director, manin' ye, I suppose. Shall I sind her up, or say ye are engaged?"

"Show the lady in," said Dacre Dalrieth.

The door was opened wide; there was a moment of perfect silence, and then a woman closely veiled darkened the threshhold of the room.

"The lady, sir!" yelled John, as the door closed upon his retreating anatomy.

The doctor turned about in his walk and placed a chair before her, requesting her to be seated. She sat down as in a stupor; lifted the heavy crape veil and flung it back, and they were face to face again after all these weary years; face to face—Dacre Dalrieth and Venice Verne!

She started back from him with a cry of horrow.

"I—I have made a mistake," she said, brokenly. "Dacre Dalrieth, this is not you!"

For a second she felt tempted to fly—felt that she could never humble herself to him after what had passed between them. But his answer, so calm and courteous, drove the feeling from her.

"It is I, and no one else," he said. "You wished to see me, I believe; if so, I am at your service, Miss Verne—or is that name no longer yours?"

"I am Venice Verne still," she said, striving hard to hide her humiliation; "but not the Venice Verne you once knew. I was a girl then; I am a woman now—a woman with beggary staring her in the face. I am bereft of fortune, of friends—aye, Dacre Dalrieth, these ten years have done their work for me as well as you. They have lifted you up, they have dragged me down into the very depths of woe."

"Believe me, I am sorry fate has been so unkind to you," he said; "very, very sorry."

She looked up at him in mute wonder and said—

"You are the first to utter these words to me. Until to-day I thought the world had forgotten me—as had Heaven."

Something akin to pity touched Dacre Dalrieth's heart as he looked down at her, so faded, so broken, so forlorn.

"I shall be only too glad to call myself your friend," he continued.

"No, no; you cannot mean that after what has passed between us. My friend! No, no; you cannot mean what you say. It is impossible—impossible!"

He turned and looked her fully in the face as he said,—

"That which has passed between us is to me only a bitter dream. I have taught myself to forgive and forget. There is nothing connected with the hospital which I would offer you, but a relative of mine has charge of a seminary where I am sure I can secure you a situation. Would you be willing to accept a position of this sort?"

"Accept it? Oh, yes—yes!"

"Then, until I can make the necessary arrangements, I shall insist upon your stopping at my house. Mrs. Dalrieth, I am sure, will be more than happy to meet you."

"Mrs. Dalrieth!" she repeated, huskily; "Mrs. Dalrieth!—who is she?"

"Oh, then you have not heard that I am married?" Pardon me, I thought you knew."

"I—I—did not know; I had—not heard. I—I wish you much joy!"

She held out her hand, so thin and worn, and he clasped it warmly; but she did not tell him what she was suffering—she could not have done it had she tried.

To-day Venice Verne, in the —— seminary, is far from happy. To Dacre Dalrieth the past may be but a bitter dream; but to her it is a bitter reality.

And that was how it all ended—her life-drama and his.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—What the *Pall Mall Gazette* ironically calls "incidents of the holy war of the nineteenth century" are vividly described by a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who accompanied the Russian army from Philippopolis to Hermanli. He saw the bodies of Bulgarian peasants with terrible wounds in the head and neck, sometimes mutilated and disfigured; women and infants, children and old men, both Turkish and Bulgarian, fallen in the fields by the roadside, half buried in the snow, or lying in the pools of water.

It seemed to have been one long battle between the peasants of both races, in which the dead were counted equally for each; but while many of the bodies bore marks of violence and showed ghastly wounds, the great proportion of the women and children were evidently frozen to death, for they lay on the snow as if asleep, with the flush of life still on their faces, and the pink skin of their feet and hands still unblanched.

Side by side with these, many corpses of old men, full of dignity even in death, lay stark by the roadside, their white beards clotted with blood, and their helpless hands fallen upon their breasts. From the muddy water of the ditches tiny hands and feet stretched out, and baby faces half covered with snow looked out innocently and peacefully, with scarcely a sign of suffering on their features. Frozen at their mothers' breasts, they were thrown down into the snow to lighten the burden of the poor creatures who were struggling along in mortal terror.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and the bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more swift than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. These are so distinctly marked that the common sea water can be traced with the eye. Often one-half the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

AN Iowa man recently exploded ten pounds of gunpowder under a platform where two score cats, allured by a liberal spread of milk and bones, were having an oratorio by moonlight. There was a general feline transformation scene, a shriek that would have made the hair stand up straight on a billiard ball, and fifteen minutes later the cats organized on the roof of a neighboring woodshed, passed resolutions expressive of their sentiments, and then went on with the performance just as if nothing had happened.

Devotion in Danger.

A STORY OF THE BASTILE.

The Marquis de Pelleport, a short time before the French revolution, was thrown into the bastile for writing a pamphlet against the Count de Vergenness and the Sieur de Noir, entitled, "*Le Diable dans un Benitier*,"—"The Devil in a Holy-Water Pot." His amiable wife, who had been left, with four children, with a relation in Switzerland, no sooner heard of her husband's captivity than she flew to his assistance, and spent six months in fruitless solicitation for his liberty, when she saw herself without resources by the death of the relation who supported her. Thrown into despair at the thoughts of her husband in prison and her children on the point of wanting bread, preferred death to begging it from a stranger's hand, and every day obliged to reject offers which, in a corrupt town, but too frequently put virtue to the blush, she knew not which way to turn her eyes, when M. de Launay persuaded her to solicit the Chevalier de Paulet for admission for her sons into the military orphan school. The children were admitted, and Madame de Pelleport had a lodging provided for her near the school, where she might take care of her children. For four years she employed herself in soliciting the liberty of her husband and performing the duties of a mother to the youngest children of the school, when M. de Villedeuil came into the ministry; then he, on the case of M. de Pelleport being presented to him, obtained from the king an order for his liberation.

The Marquis, soon after his liberation, returned to Paris, where he arrived the day before the Bastile was taken, and had the misfortune to see M. de Launay put to death and M. de Losme dragged to the place of execution. Struck with the sad spectacle, he recalled to mind the humanity of M. de Losme, who had ever strived to console the prisoners, and had frequently shown much concern for him. Listening only to the voice of friendship, he flew to the unfortunate major, whom the enraged mob wore dragging along with a fury that would have intimidated the stoutest heart, and, catching him in his arms, cried out to them to desist.

"You are going to sacrifice the worthiest man on earth; five years was I a prisoner in the Bastile, and he was my only friend."

These words roused the Losme; and, lifting up his eyes with the coolness of a spirit truly Roman, not to be expected in a man whom the mob were almost tearing to pieces, he said:

"Young man, what are you doing? Withdraw; you will only sacrifice your own life, without saving mine."

The Marquis de Pelleport, perceiving the mob were deaf to his entreaties, exclaimed:

"Begone! I will defend him against you all."

Forgetting that he was unarmed, he began to beat them off with his hands, when he was attacked on all sides, wounded by some with sabres, by others with bayonets. He at length seized a musket, and did much execution with it, until it was torn from him, and was on the point of perishing; but by new exertions he forced his way through the mob, and escaped to the Hotel de Ville, on the steps of which he fell senseless. He was, however, conveyed to a place of safety, and recovered from his wounds.

A Servant Girl Worth Having.

The Toronto *Globe* says: "On Tuesday evening a young man called at the residence of Mr. Wheeler, corner of George and Shute streets, and asked to see Mr. Wheeler. The servant, Emma Squires, being somewhat suspicious on account of the recent events in that neighborhood, did not tell the young man that Mr. Wheeler was from home, but referred him to Mr. Wheeler's place of business. The same person called again the next night about 7:30 o'clock and asked for Mr. Wheeler. On being told that he was out the caller stated his willingness to await his return. This, however, the girl did not entirely approve of, and for fear of the visitor putting his wish into effect, she shut the door, the man going away laughing. Miss Squires was not quite satisfied, and went for Miss Wheeler who accompanied her down stairs. At first nothing particular attracted their attention, but about 1 o'clock a noise was heard at the back parlor window, and on the servant going to the room she found the window, which had been nailed down, pried open about a foot and the visitor outside. She asked him to go away, and on his continuing to try to effect an entrance she went up stairs and returned with a revolver. After again cautioning the intruder she fired at him. He retreated from the window but did not leave the premises, whereupon the girl went out into the back yard, and confronting him and another fellow, requested them to leave. As they showed no disposition to do so, she again fired at the man at whom she had previously shot. The other promptly clambered over the fence, and the one shot at giving a yell which led Miss Squires to imagine that she had 'winged' him, made for the stable, shouting, 'I'll be revenged on you as long as you live.' To this Miss Squires replied, 'When you come along remember I've still five barrels for you.' Miss Squires is a young woman of about 19, and does not look at all like a person of the extraordinary courage and nerve that this incident proves her to possess."

WHERE CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IS TO STAND.—Cleopatra's Needle is to stand on the Victoria Embankment, at the Adelphi Steps. The objection had been raised that, although the foundations of the embankment were laid in solid concrete, yet this rested on a stratum of Thames mud and ooze, so that to erect an obelisk weighing, with its substructure, about 200 tons would be a hazardous experiment. The engineer of the Board of Works replied by pointing to the iron pillars of the Charing-Cross bridge, close by, which had long borne a weight on each square foot double that of the obelisk. The site was finally chosen by the Board, and the Needle will be placed where its proportions will not be dwarfed by surrounding buildings, and where, as Mr. Dixon says, the splendid gray granite of the embankment, the solid grandeur of Waterloo bridge, the distant background of Somerset house, the river, and the Adelphi gardens form appropriate surroundings.

THE landlady brushed back the boughten curl from her alabaster brow, as she asked her favorite boarder on Christmas if he would have some of the spring chicken; and true to its name, the fowl sprung from the dull points of the carving-fork, like a rubber ball, into the lap of the young man with yellow pantaloons on. The spring chicken proved to be an infringement on the Goodyear patent.

The Deadly Embrace of a Devil Fish.

The Victoria (British Columbia) *Colonist* contains this statement: "Early last August a party of Cape Flattery or Makaw Indians, returning from a visit to their friends (the Songish, of Victoria), encamped the first afternoon out on the beautiful bay of Metchosen, Vancouver Island. The weather being very fine, most of the party went bathing, and among the number a maiden of perhaps 18 summers, who had accompanied her grandfather on the trip. Desiring seclusion, she went round a point away from the other bathers and being known as a bold swimmer, is supposed to have taken a header into deep water. However taken, it proved to have been a plunge into the arms of death, for when the swimmers reassembled around the camp fire the girl was missed, and not withstanding a diligent search that evening, could not be found. The following morning, with sad hearts, the party left; but very soon those in the foremost canoe on rounding the first point, saw (the water being calm and clear), a human body as if seated on the sea-bottom, with what seemed like a flour-bag immediately behind it. The natives knew what this meant. As soon as the canoes got together two of the most active young men managed with daggers so to disable the monster (for it was a gigantic devil fish), that the octopus, with its victim was brought to the surface. The foregoing facts have been communicated to our informant by an intelligent and respectable half-breed woman from Metchosen, who saw the body of the drowned girl with some of the prehensiles of the mollusk still adhering to it. She compared the head of the octopus in size to that of a 50. pound flour sack, full; she said the tentacles were 12 in number, of different sizes.

Vitriolic Rage.

There has been a time in Kansas City when a life would have paid for the dastardly act perpetrated by Louis Henderson on Saturday night. It appears that Louis Henderson, in a fit of rage and frenzied by jealousy, followed his love, Polly Walker, to the Opera House. She had declined his company and had accompanied his rival. While they were enjoying the play Henderson went to a drug store and obtained a bottle of vitriol.

He was determined that if Miss Polly Walker would not smile upon him that his rival should not worship at her shrine. While Polly and lover were walking down Main street on their way from the Opera House, Henderson stepped out of the shadow of a doorway, and without a word of warning, seized his former mistress and endeavored to empty the vial of deadly burning fluid into her face. Fortunately, his excitement, and the girl's struggles, frustrated his infernal intention. The vitriol fell upon her clothing, and her eyes and face were saved.

The fluid burned through her clothing and consumed it in such a way that a hole was burned in one place at least half a yard in diameter. Thick woolen underclothing saved the girl from serious injuries. Henderson was fined $100 by the Recorder for the assault. This, however, is not the end of the business. The State will take hold of it and perhaps make vitriol throwing more odious in this community.—*Kansas City Times.*

DO HENS REASON?—A hen made a nest in a box in the baggage car, and in the course of time had fifteen eggs, and stuck to them through thick and thin, night and day, except to step off the train occasionally to get food and water, and hatched thirteen chickens, notwithstanding the rumbling, rolling process the eggs passed through. The baggage-master says that after the sitting process began she would frequently, when off the nest in search of food and water, get left by the train at Shelbyville and sometimes at Wartrace, and on such occasions she would quietly wait for the train to return, and fly into the baggage car and get on the nest immediately. When the train stopped for wood she would sometimes fly out to get something to eat, and when the bell rang she would fly back immediately. She would sometimes manifest her joy at the appearance of the train by cackling at a high rate. Mother and chickens are all doing well.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—The demand in Great Britain for American bred horses is constantly growing, and we are of the opinion that the time is not very far in the future when that country will look to America for its chief supply. Race horses, hunters, carriage horses, and common work horses were exported last year, from this country, to England and Scotland in considerable numbers; and we have not the slightest doubt but the demand will increase from year to year, until it shall become a very important item in our annual export account, simply because we can and do raise as good horses, of all kinds, as are produced in England, and we can do this much cheaper than it can possibly be done in that country.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

A FORTUNE REFUSED.—We recently announced, says the Paris *Figaro*, that Mlle. Therese Provost-Paradol, second daughter of the brilliant writer, had entered a convent. The eldest, as is known, is already a nun. At the moment when the second was preparing, the other day, to take the veil, the Baroness James de Rothschild, who was sincerely attached to her, begged her to reflect maturely; telling her affectionately that if she did not feel a very decided vocation for a religious life, and preferred the world, the Rothschild family would give her a dower of 300,000 francs. The young novice, however, persisted, saying that she was resolved to devote herself to God, and she took the vows at Auteuil.

FORGET THE PAST.—Let us bury the dead things of life deep in good honest soil, plant flowers on them, so that the place where they lie shall not be barren nor disfigured; make of each mistake, each sad experience, a means for future good and truth and beauty; and go on—always on—till we come to the end, when we ourselves shall be among the dead and buried, some of us remaining as beautiful remembrances, even enshrined in honor and delight; if some of us stand out in the backward vista, as but sorrowful mistakes, like blind creatures who have missed their way; or children of sorrow, brought up under the hard tutelage of pain, and never suffered to escape the hand of that stern teacher, that cruel monitor.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—*Cicero.*

Keeping a Diary.

I find it of some advantage to keep a small diary each year. A journal is a different thing. In the latter you may spread yourself to your heart's content, but a diary is for business. It should be kept up pretty closely, or be written in every evening if one would avail himself of all its advantages. Anything will do for a diary, which gives clean space for writing, but a little pocket-book made for the purpose, with spaces marked for each day in the year, is best. Three years ago I had no ready-made diary when the year began, so I used a small blank book, making the dates as I wrote. But this got us into a "pretty scrape" one pleasant summer day. We called it Saturday, and Mr. R., who had been at home, working on the farm for several weeks, had determined to go back to the city, to work that paid better (I am ashamed to say it in an agricultural journal), on that very Saturday. When a neighbor who seldom left his daily work in the field at this season, came to the door in his clean Sunday clothes, and loitered as though quite at leisure, I said, "I wonder if Mr. J. hasn't lost his reckoning, and taken this for Sunday." We thought it must be so, and I related how amused my mother and I had been the year before to see my father dress up leisurely one Saturday morning, and sit down in the shady door-way of the same house we then lived in, to sing his Sunday-school song book through, in pleasant memory of the days gone by when he was a S. S. Superintendent, while his usual daily work was waiting quite urgently for his care. A little later I saw my neighbor's wife also dressed up for Sunday, and when I asked her about it, she assured me that it *was* Sunday. The almanac could not help us out, but I thought my diary would. But that only confirmed my error, because I had been several days behind-hand, and in "writing-up" lately, had skipped a day.

We then talked it over together, but to the other members of the family, one day had been much like another all through the last week. Suddenly we remembered an important event which I had not chronicled at all, and in slipping that in between the other days, we found ourselves in the midst of Sunday, sure enough. I believe Robinson Crusoe never lost track of the time, but I wonder how he could do so. I have had to go to my diary to help our folks to a knowledge of the time more than once, and we have even found by that we were a week behind in the days of the month.

Of course people who send their children to school or who live in the neighborhood of churches, or who have daily association with neighbors, are not likely to lose track of the days of the week or month, but if you think it ridiculous to do so in any case, you should be placed; as some readers of this paper are, out of sight of neighbors or a public road, and out of convenient reach of schools and churches.—*M. S., in Rural New Yorker.*

COLOGNE WATER.—Oil of rosemary, one ounce; oil of lavender, one ounce; oil of bergamot, one ounce, oil of lemon, one ounce; oil of rose, sixteen drops; alcohol, one gallon.

ROLY POLY.—Make a light paste and roll it out, spread over this the best golden syrup and roll it up as a jam pudding. Steam one hour. Eat with liquid sauce.

MARBLE CAKE—DARK.—The same as for light, using dark sugar, all kinds of spices, the yolks of two eggs—I use three, as it takes the whites of two for icing. This is very cheap, and very nice.

CHEAP MOLASSES CAKE.—Two cupfuls molasses, one cupful hot boiling water, two large tablespoonfuls butter, batter like griddle cakes, with a teaspoonful soda, spice, and bake full hour.

GINGERBREAD.—Two cupfuls molasses (coffee cups) one cupful sour milk, one and a half dessert spoonfuls ginger, three cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in water, piece of butter size of an egg, melted. Bake half an hour.

BROWN BETTYS FOR BREAKFAST.—One cupful Indian meal, two cupfuls rye meal, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one large tablespoonful molasses, mix with cold milk about as thick as pound cake; drop in hot lard and fry.

ROMAN SOUP.—Twelve potatoes sliced and soaked in cold water one hour; boil in one quart till tender; strain or mash well; add one pint milk, and let it scald with one onion, butter, pepper and salt, and one bay leaf; chop parsley fine, and throw in just before serving.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Cut carrots and turnips into slices and contrariwise. They should be thin strips of uniform shape and size; also onion and celery. Place all in a saucepan with one-half tablespoonful of butter. When the vegetables are partly fried, add the brown broth and boil gently until done.

SAUCE A LA TARTAN FOR FISH.—Two yolks of eggs thoroughly beaten, one-half bottle oil, add it very slowlyand thoroughly; one-half lemon juice added drop by drop; one-half dozen gherkins, with one dozen capers chopped very fine and put through the sieve, and added slowly; put in a cold place until served.

BOSTON DOUGHNUTS.—Small tablespoonful butter, one tumblerful milk (warmed), one tumblerful sugar, two eggs, nutmeg, one quart flour (small), one-fourth teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar or one-half teaspoonful baking powder. Let it stand two hours before the fire before frying in very hot lard.

POTTING SHAD.—Cut the shad in pieces about two inches in width; dry well; place in layers in a stone pot (one that has not been used preferred), and cover each layer with pepper and salt and a few whole allspice or cloves; cover the shad with cider vinegar; tie thick brown paper over the pot, set in a moderately-heated room six or eight hours, usually over night. Shad cooked in this way will be boneless, except the back-bone, which will be soft.

MISS HANNAH ROTHSCHILD, the English heiress, has, in her own right, £120,000 per annum. The marriage of the young lady, which is to take place in March, will be celebrated according to the Jewish and Christian rites. She is not only an heiress, *hors ligne*, but like many of the ladies of her family, an enthusiast in music and art, and has very pronounced opinions upon politics and all other matters. On the Eastern question she is pro-Turkish.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* announces, with apparent despair, that "ladies who do not know how to bake bread are learning how to bake terra cotta ornaments." This is shocking! but it may also be recorded that gentlemen who do not know how to smoke a ham are learning to smoke cigars and meerschaums, all over the country, and have been doing so ever since it was settled. Whither are we drifting?

Another Fancy Funeral.

The rage for novel obsequies continues, and if the notion of funeral innovation continues to spread we shall pretty soon find the good old services which "relatives and friends are invited to attend" quite discarded. The latest gentleman particularly and peculiarly sepultured lived in New Haven, and was distinguished there as an excellent maker of ladies' corsets, his name being T. F. Hamilton, and his philosophy of the most positive sort. Mr. Hamilton did not take to burning, and was buried after the usual fashion, under the directions of a Mr. Wakeman, who is a member of the Society of Humanity in New York. The funeral was held in Loomis' Temple of Music, and was attended by 1,200 people, more or less mourners, who sang "Home, Sweet Home," and also by the Clan-na Gael Association. There was no prayer, but remarks were offered on "the life, character and principles" of the deceased. It may be interesting to the world to know that the late Mr. Hamilton, having, during the intervals of corset making, studied the Copernican system, came to the conclusion that there was no hell. This would not have been so lamentable, only Mr. Hamilton also decided that, as there was no hell, there could be no heaven—no nothing, so to speak. His reasons were curious. He held that, in the Copernican system, there was "no room" for either the good place or the bad place. Consequently there could be neither, and this world must be the end-all and the be-all. For this reason (and there's nothing like logic), Mr. Hamilton desired that his mourners should convene in Loomis' Temple of Music. Loomis we do not understand to be a divinity—he is merely a mortal who owns the edifice to which he has given his name. The funeral, according to the descriptions which we have seen of it, was somewhat scenical. The principle ornament of the room was a great symbolical bouquet, so arranged as to represent the sky, the sea, the earth, martyrdom, moral and intellectual purity and perpetuated memory. A more suggestive posy was never tied up with a string, the only difficulty being that it suggests too many things, and so is a little confusing. This, however, was quite in keeping with the profound observation of one of the speakers, that "the immortality of the dead depended on his friends." This is entirely a new view of a rather old subject. If you have friends you will be immortal, although there is no heaven. But you will be immortal somehow. If you have no friends, you will be annihilated anyhow. This is a little discouraging, especially if we agree with the poet, that friendship is but a name. This being true, then there is no immortality for anybody—not even the immortality of being fresshly remembered from generation to generation. All the mourners at Mr. Hamilton's funeral wore green ribbons as types of living toil, and as memorials of the departed. So Heaven, we suppose, is to have a large funeral, with all the attendants wearing green ribbons. This is simple, but we fear that it will hardly be found satisfactory by the generality of mankind.

It is as we supposed that it would be, when the Baron de Palm set the example. The eccentricity of mankind will now have full scope. Dying men will give all sorts of odd directions about the disposition of their relics. So far we have only a beginning. It would obviously be improper to say that the thing is to be "run into the ground," but something like that, metaphorically speaking, is likely to happen. Human vanity will devise a hundred ways of being talked about after death. There will be melancholy antics and false antiques, and strange dispositions and queer ceremonies, and odd sarcophaguses, and fantastic processions and lunatic speeches, until sensible people will be quite willing to be buried in the old-fashioned way—or will be so buried, whether they are willing or not.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TRUSTING A BOY.—During the session of the late Epispocal Convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the Common, met a boy whose face he fancied, and calling to him, asked him if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied: "I am not a very good boy. I cuss sometimes." This candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of eight dollars; there is the money to pay for it, and a half dollar which you will keep for going the errand." On his return to the hotel, the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again, but in half an hour the young chap returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for eight dollars and a half, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he inquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew you would make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt that the confidence that was reposed in the boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.—*New York Ledger.*

HOLDING A BABY FOR A BOARD BILL.—A rather novel proceeding was instituted before Judge Matson, at Cincinnati, recently. A young woman applied to have the custody of her child restored to her, she claiming that it was detained from her merely as a security for its board bill, amounting to the trivial sum of $4. She stated that she is a widow, and coming there some two years ago with a 10 months old child, and being dependent on her own labor for her own and her child's support, she placed it in the family of W. C. Seward, agreeing to pay board for it at the rate of $2 per week, not being able to take it into the families in which she had to seek her work. She claimed that she paid for the child's maintainance, often going with very scant clothing for herself in order that it should not suffer. Finally, desiring to put the child in the family of her sister, she made application to the Sewards for her child, and they refused to give it to her, claiming that she still owed for its board. This application was repeated on a number of occasions, but it was invariably refused. Finally some friends, parties in whose employ she was, sued out the writ and brought the matter before the Court. She got her offspring.

HIS wife caught him with his arms around the hired girl's neck, but his courage even in this trying extremity never forsook him. "I suspected some one of stealing the whisky on the preserves, Jane, for some time, and of course you know her breath would have told if she was a guilty party."

The First Artificial Flowers.

From all the evidence which can be arrived at, the making of artificial flowers was one of the earliest efforts of civilization or refinement of taste. There is little room to doubt, that in some manner, this was attempted by the ancient Egyptians, for with the luxuries of the courts of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies and Queen Cleopatra—who could so remorselessly sacrifice a priceless pearl to win a wager—we can hardly think the desire for the use of floral ornaments less perishable than the offspring of the forest, the field and the garden, did not exist. But it was with the Italians, it appears, with their sensitiveness to the sentiment of color, and their cognate appreciation of, and love for the beautiful, that artificial flower making was first practiced as an employment for gaining the means of livelihood. For many years, in this branch of ornamental industry, the Italians were unrivalled and almost alone; but have found more than successful competition in their work from their French neighbors; while in our country it has become an important interest, especially in certain cities. The earliest efforts at producing floral simulations, it is said, were from ribbons of various colors, gathered up, twisted together, and fastened to wire stems. But, as may be imagined, the flowers produced were clumsy; very remotely resembled what they were intended to imitate; and at most, were rude and unsatisfactory copies of the perfect, lovely and delicate creations of nature. In the course of time feathers were brought into use for the purpose; and for securing the shapes of the petals, leaves and other portions of the anatomy of plants, were found much more convenient and available than ribbons. A difficulty, however, presented itself in their refusal to take the colors necessary for the correct imitation of flowers, and further than what was accomplished at the time, out of the plumage of highly colored birds, there was little progress effected toward the result desired. From the plumage of the native birds, the savages of South America have long been acquainted with the process of artificial flower making; some of the most interesting evidences of national industry in the Brazilian department of our Centennial Exposition were the feather flowers on display; and curious and attractive specimens of this handiwork are frequently brought to us, by travelers, or through the South American trade. The delicate feathers found under the wings of the young pigeons are successfully utilized by the Brazilians for the production of artificial flowers; and in the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park, London, are shown exquisite wreaths and bouquets of flowers made from the plumage of South American humming birds. —*Artificial Flower Guide.*

Mimicked

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler tells the story of a physician who escaped ruin by the mimicking of his children. He began his professional life with the brightest prospects, and being thoroughly educated and skillful, soon won a large and fashionable practice. His danger was in the baneful custom of social wine drinking in fashionable gatherings and at aristocratic dinners.

The young physician was witty and agreeable, a welcome guest everywhere. The rich petted him. At their tables he found the social glass. He drank. His appetite was aroused. It grew strong. Soon he could not control it. He, neglecting business, sank lower and lower, losing patrons and friends, till he became a staggering drunkard.

His wife and children wanted the necessaries of life. Close before him and them waited the rum-pauper's inevitable fate.

One Sunday, when, half sobered after a night of excess, he was likely to remain awhile at home, his wife went to church, and left him with his two little boys. While the children played about the room he lay upon the lounge, and sank into a stupid sleep.

Presently their noise awoke and angered him, but on opening his eyes, he saw what struck him dumb. His little six-year, old son was staggering across the floor, and tumbling down, in exact imitation of an intoxicated man. The other boy, older than he, laughed with delight at his performance.

"That's just like papa; let's both play drunk!" he cried, and then joined his brother in the sport.

How the agony of conscience awoke in that fallen father's breast! Had he lived to become such an infamous pattern to those innocent little ones?

When next the wretched man left his house, it was not to go to the dram-shop—nor to visit a patient. He had no patients. He went forth to suffer his own self-accusings, and think of his own sadly needed cure. In misery he wandered through the fields. The sight he had seen had exposed him to himself, smiting him with ceaseless rebukes. But it *saved* him, for it broke his heart, and drove him to the Divine Healer for help and grace. Alone with God he registered a vow that he would drink no more. He was still young, and recovery and returning prosperity rewarded the keeping of his solemn pledge.

MEDICAL ROWDIES IN LONDON.—Three hundred well-dressed blackguards, who are attending medical lectures in London, have been breaking the legs of the chairs in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. They marched to the lecture room in a body, and, in the interests of science, broke up an anti-vivisection meeting by sheer force of rowdyism. They yelled, threw chairs at the chandeliers, smashed the glass doors of the book cases, blew trumpets, rang bells, and fought with the police. Canon Baynes, who was the presiding officer, pleaded in vain for fair play, but his words were greeted with howls and hooting. The students lit their cigars and pipes, puffed in the faces of the ladies, filled the room with smoke, and made bedlam generally. The rowdies who were arrested by the police justified themselves on the ground that the call for the meeting denounced vivisection as a cruel and demoralizing process.

MIND-READING.—Before she could utter the "Where have you been till this hour of the morning, anyhow?" which was trembling on her lips, he said: "Bin t'her mind readin'; bet you $7 I can read yer mind this very minit." "Well, you old fool, what am I thinking of now?" she said, in a tone of sadness. "Thinkin' of! Why, I can read yer mind like ther open pages of 'er book; yer thinkin' I'm drunken'r biled owl, but yer never was worse fooled in yer life." She only said there must be something in mind-reading after all, for he had hit the nail right square on the head.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SIAM proposes to be represented diplomatically at our National Capital.

The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND, CAL:

Thursday, April 4th, 1878.

THE INCOME TAX BILL.

In view of the importance that the proposition to re-introduce this law has upon all, it will not be amiss to give our readers a synoposis of the bill as now pending in the House, says the Vallejo *Chronicle*: It recites that there shall be levied for 1878 a tax on the profits and income of every person residing in the United States, and of every citizen, of the United States residing abroad, derived from any source whatever, from every business carried on in the United States by persons not citizens, or from real estate in the United States owned by any person residing outside and not a citizen, the following tax: On so much as shall not exceed $5,000, 2 per cent.; on so much thereof as shall exceed $5,000 and not exceed $10,000, 3 per cent.; and on so much thereof as shall exceed $10,000, 4 per cent. In estimating the income there shall be included the income derived from any kind of property, rent or interest, received or accrued on all notes, bonds and mortgages, whether paid or not, if good and collectable; interest upon United States bonds, notes and the amount of premium on gold and coupons; the income of any trade, profession or employment, and including salary or pay for services in the civil, military, naval or other service of the United States, or as Senator, Representative or Delegate in Congress; the share of any person of the gains and profits of all companies or partnership profits realized within the year for sales of real estate purchased within two years previous to the year for which income is estimated; the amount of sales of live stock, sugar, wool, butter, meats, hay, and being the growth or produce of the estate of such person, but not including any part thereof consumed by the family, and all other income not the rental value of homestead used or occupied. Military and naval pensions are exempted, and the sum of two thousand dollars of the gains and income also. There shall be deducted from the income of any person all National, State, county and municipal taxes paid; all losses by fire or in trade; all worthless debts; interest paid during the year; amount paid for rent or labor to till land or to conduct business; amount paid for rent; the salaries of the President of the United States and of all the Judges of the United States, and of all officers, executive, judicial and legislative of any State shall be exempted.

CONCERNING THE OFFICE OF SURVEYOR-GENERAL.

It is proposed to abolish the office of United States Surveyor-General in all the States and Territories, and consolidate the surveyorship of the public lands in each in the General Land Office at Washington. A bill to this effect is before Congress, but it is hardly possible that a measure so sweeping and objectionable can be seriously entertained by either House. The proposition, in the first place, strikes at a cardinal principal of our plan of government, and instead of distributing power and patronage it would centralize both. The change would entail hardship and injustice upon the people of every State and Territory, and create a bureau at the Federal Capital of enormous proportions and formidable in a polical point of view. It is inconceivable that any considerable number of Representatives or Senators will favorably view a measure which would so materially and mischievously affect their respective constituencies and States. Those from the younger States of the West and from the Pacific Slope will certainly be solid against it, beyond doubt, says the *Examiner*, for to do otherwise would be to oppose the interests and wishes of those they represent. No matter what abuses now exist in any of the Surveyor-General's offices in any portion of the whole Union—the plan proposed is not the proper mode by which to remedy or reform them. The appointment of worthy officers, qualified for the position, and honest in the discharge of their duties, is the best way to the correction of existing evils. The consolidation system would have the effect to augment them. The atmosphere of Washington is not noted for its redeeming influence upon public servants, and a huge Bureau of Surveys, would become an engine of corruption as well as a prodigious power in gigantic land-grabbing schemes.

DERBY'S RESIGNATION.

The *Chronicle* of the 29th has the following in reference to the resignation of the Earl of Derby: The most portentous news received during the present European embroglio is the resignation of Earl Derby, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. When the English ironclads were first ordered to proceed to Constantinople, Earl Derby offered to resign, but when the order was countermanded he changed his mind. Ever since that episode, it has been understood that a renewal of the Earl's proposal to withdraw from the Cabinet would be equivalent to the adoption of an energetic war policy by the Government, and with that object in view the war party in Great Britain have done their utmost to bring about the resignation, by means of charges of treason and high crimes, quite openly preferred through the columns of leading newspapers. The next few days may bring forth most stirring news, unless Russia concludes to make further concessions at the eleventh hour.

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches.

Gloomy View of the Situation.

CHICAGO, March 27.—The *Times'* London special says: Information is received from various European capitals to the effect that gloomy views of the outcome of the present situation are generally prevalent, and that war, while not necessarily near, is inevitable in the end.

German Utterances on the Eastern Question.

BERLIN, March 27.—A failure of the Congress would probably result in Russia remaining at peace but arming for war. This prolonged armament England can better afford than Russia, which would be reduced to exhaustion were she obliged to maintain her arms on a war footing for some years. As Russia cannot attack England while England is perfecting her position to bide her time, the Czar will probably be driven to extend his conquests in the interval, the better to be prepared for the collision when it does occur; but in such a case Austria and Greece would join England to protect their own interests. As to Germany she will never fight for Russian or any other foreign interests. Russia, therefore, had better restrain her ambition.

Russian Pacific Assurances.

LONDON, March 27.—The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: The situation so far as regards the meeting of the Congress, is much improved by the assurances that Lord Derby has received from Count Schouvaloff during the past few hours. Schouvaloff kept Russia's negative in his pocket until he received authority to give these assurances. There is some fear, however, that the smooth word may be intended to quiet England until Ignatieff can negotiate an understanding with Austria.

Russia's Reply to England's Question.

LONDON, March 27.—Russia's reply to England's late question merely says that the Government adheres to its former view. This does not sound very promising, but it is still thought here that the reply will not close all interchange of opinion.

English War Preparations.

LONDON, March 27.—The Government has distributed among boat builders an order for additional horse boats to be delivered immediately.

Intense Hatred of England.

LONDON, March 28.—A telegram from St. Petersburg to the Chicago *Times* bureau says: The feeling against England is one of intense hatred, and there is scarcely any peace party. The belief generally prevails that England will be satisfied with no reasonable concession, but is determined either to humiliate Russia or to force hostilities. The statements heretofore telegraphed that an understanding exists between Russia and Austria are now generally accepted as facts. There has been some slight irritation, whose healing has been the mission of Ignatieff. Highly colored maps, exhibiting the changes in the Ottoman Empire proposed in the treaty of peace, were hung up yesterday in Parliament, and created much feeling. A large number of naval officers are on their way to join the Russian forces along the Straits. There is much activity at Baltic ports in shipping torpedoes and naval supplies designed for the Dardanelles.

Rumored Russian Designs Against India.

NEW YORK, March 28.—A special dispatch from London says: It is stated that a Russian camp of 200,000 men is forming at Khekand, destined to operate against India.

More Rumors About the Congress.

LONDON, March 28.—A Berlin dispatch says: The Powers have declined a suggestion made by Russia that the Congress be held without England. Prince Gortchakoff is endeavoring to bring about a meeting of the three Emperors, and three Chancellors. It is understood that Russia has indicated her perfect willingness to make further concessions to Austria, and some concessions also to Roumania being prompted, it is thought, by growing apprehensions of the differences with England. Germany has under the circumstances abandoned for the present all idea of issuing invitations for a Congress.

Russian Demand for the Dismissal of the British Fleet.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 29.—General Melikoff has addressed a note to the Porte demanding the dismissal of the British fleet from the neighborhood of Constantinople. Safvet Pasha communicated the note to Minister Layard, who in accordance with instructions of the British Government, replied that the fleet would remain until after the departure of the Russians from the evirons of Constantinople. The Porte handed the reply to General Melikoff without remark.

Abandoned by the Turks.

LONDON, March 29.—A special from Constantinople announces that the Turks have abandoned Karak, at the Black Sea entrance of the Bosphorus.

Important Movement.

A special from Belgrade reports that the Servians have received orders from San Stefano to march with all their available forces to Pristina and Albania.

Bismarck and the Congress.

LONDON, March 29.—A Vienna dispatch says: It is rumored that Bismarck is making further efforts to assemble the Congress, and has asked England to forward precise statements of her demands.

Ministerial Changes.

LONDON, March 29.—A rumor was current in London last night the right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for the War Department, will be raised to the peerage to succeed the Marquis of Salisbury as Secretary of State for India. Colonel Stanley, now Under Secretary of War, will succeed Hardy.

LONDON, March 29.—The *Times*, in a leading editorial, speaks of the appointment of the Marquis of Salisbury to be Foreign Secretary as an actual fact, and considers that it may be taken as a pledge that no measures of mere hostility to Russia will be adopted, and it should facilitate further negotiations.

Russian Comments on England's Attitude.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 30.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* publishes an article, believed to be semi-official, on England's attitude. Referring to Lord Beaconsfield's speech in the House of Lords on Thursday, the article says:

"The balance in the Mediterranean is only threatened by the presence of the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora and England's possession of Gibraltar and Malta."

The article continues:

The calling out of the reserve, notwithstanding the statement that it does not imply war, is another step in the path of provocation. Russia has fulfilled all her promises. She did not insert in the treaty of San Stefano a single stipulation clashing with the interests of others, or injuriously affecting them by its reservations. Russia is conscious of having neglected nothing which could secure to the East an era of prosperity, and to Europe long years of peace. She will deeply deplore aberrations which may counteract her pacific work, but at the same time she will await, arms in hand, any attempt to dispute the fruits of her sacrifice, which no threats will induce her to relinquish.

Fighting Between Greek Insurgents and Turks.

ATHENS, March 30.—Fierce fighting has occurred at Macrinitza between the insurgents and the Turks. Several Turkish ships are bombarding villages on the coast.

The British iron turret ship Devastation and the corvette Ruby are cruising along the coast of Macedonia, for the purpose of rescuing refugee women and children.

Russian Operations in Roumania.

BUCHAREST, March 30.—It is stated that the Russian quartermaster department in Roumania has been ordered to engage 10,000 carts. The Russians have forbidden the export of cereals from the lower Danube.

Reconciliation of Russians and Turks.

LONDON, March 30.—A Pera correspondent believes a thorough understanding between the Russians and Turks has been brought about by the efforts of Raouf Pasha and Osman Pasha, who removed the obstacles to Grand Duke Nicholas' visit and inspired the Sultan with cordial feelings toward the Grand Duke.

Measures for Guarding British Interests.

LONDON, March 30.—It is believed that some steps for the safe guarding of British interests, like the entry of a fleet into the Black Sea, or the occupation at Gallipoli, has been determined upon.

Nothing Can Prevent Them.

LONDON, March 30.—It is learned, on fair authority, from positions near the Bosporus, that nothing can prevent the Russians from marching to the coast and seizing a fort commanding the entrance to the Black Sea.

An Insurgent Position Captured.

ATHENS, March 31.—A Turkish force, estimated at 10,000 men, has stormed the insurgent position on Mount Pelion and captured Macrimitza. The insurgents are entrenching a new position. The losses on both sides were heavy. News of another battle is momentarily expected.

Russians Buying Krupp Guns—Scrimmage Between English and Russian Sailors.

NEW YORK, April 1.—London specials say that the Czar has ordered 500 additional Krupp guns.

There has been an unimportant scrimmage between English and Russian sailors at San Stefano.

Treasury Register Scofield.

NEW YORK, April 1.—A *Tribune* Washington special says: The new Register of the Treasury, Scofield, has arrived and been interviewed. He will hold the position but a short time. He declared he would not have a Cabinet position. He thought the President is stronger with the people than with the politicians, and believed that Republicans will carry the State of Pennsylvania next fall.

Crippling the Public Service.

NEW YORK, April 1.—A *Tribune* Washington special says: The executive officers find that the new Legislative bill, proposed by the House Appropriations Committee will seriously cripple every branch of the public service. In some of the Departments a reduction of 30 per cent. of the clerical force, without discrimination is proposed. The Interior Department is most seriously affected. Not even force enough is allowed to watch the building and to guard against fires, such as that which recently so nearly destroyed the Patent Office.

War Preparations.

LONDON, April 1.—The Admiralty has made an urgent requisition on contractors, manufacturing picks and shovels, and demanded to know when they will be ready. Recruiting officers are experiencing an increase in business and the men coming are of a superior class. It was expected that with the close of the fiscal year, March 31st, beyond which the £6,000,000 credit does not run, an extensive dismissal of extra men from Woolwich would occur, but the War office has ordered all extra men to be retained. The decree prohibiting the exportation of horses from Germany, which was to have been canceled the first of April, remains in force until further notice.

The Price of Austria's Neutrality.

A telegram from Vienna, received in Paris, states that Count Andrassy told General Ignatieff that Austrian neutrality, if not co-operative, might be secured by altering the southwest boundary of Bulgaria so as to make Ottoman territory continuous and by securing Austrian military and commercial supremacy in Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Albania.

Tchako and Fez.

PERA, April 1.—Osman and Reouf Pashas have become more Russian than English. The Turkish and Russian soldiers fraternize, the latter going about Constantinople in uniform without evoking animosity. If war comes England must contemplate the possibility of having to fight Turkey and Russia. At best she would get from Turkey a one-sided neutrality of little or no substantial use.

San Francisco Mining Stocks.

MORNING BOARD—April 2, 1878.

Alpha	$ 8 50	Kentucky	$ 3 00
Andes	40	Leopard	80
Alta	5 75	Lady Washington	2 50
Argenta	40	Leeds	2 00
Amazon	...	Lee	35
Alps	2 25	Leviathan	40
Belle	10 75	Morning Star	1 45
Bodie	1 20	Mexican	13 00
Beehtel	3 50	Monument	15
Belle Isle	55	Manhattan	12 00
Belmont	2 20	Modoc	1 75
Baltimore	97	Northern Belle	7 62
Best & Belcher	17 87	Navajo	2 00
Belcher	3 00	New Cosso	40
Benton	1 50	N Con Virginia	50
Boyle	25	Newark	...
Bullion	4 62	New York	1 00
Con Imperial	55	Occident	2 12
Crown Point	4 70	Overman	13 75
Confidence	3 25	Ophir	46 00
Con Virginia	19 75	Phœnix	2 50
Chollar Potsi	25 50	Pitades	85
California	29 50	Panther	30
Con Washoe	25	Rye Patch	4 00
Caledonia	2 25	Raymond & Ely	4 75
C P R R	1 00	Rock Island	20
Commonwealth	2 10	Senator	1 00
Challenge	1 00	Seg Belcher	26 00
Day Silver	1 25	Silver Hill	1 75
De Frees	40	Savage	11 00
Dayton	10	Solid Silver	3 75
Exchequer	3 10	Silver Prize	50
Endowment	50	Sierra Nevada	3 15
Eureka	41 50	St. Louis	25
El Dorado South	1 20	South Comstock	90
Endicott	1 60	Succour	75
Falcon	45	Star	1 37
Golden Chariot	60	Silver King	...
Grand Prize	6 37	Trojan	30
Gila	60	Tucker	1 27
Gould & Curry	7 25	Tiptop	2 20
Hornet	20	Thomas	10
Hussey	90	Tuscarora	50
Hamburg	3 25	Utah	9 87
Hale & Norcross	10 00	Union Con	3 37
Independence	80	Valley	20
Jackson	4 00	Wells Fargo	65
Joe Scates	30	Woodville	35
Justice	6 50	Ward	1 25
Julia	2 62	White	5 00
Kossuth	10	Yellow Jacket	8 50
K K Consolidated	3 50	Young America	45

New Advertisements.

War! War!

WAR!

As ENGLAND AND RUSSIA are about to declare war, so is

THE GREAT

San Francisco

AUCTION STORE!

NEXT DOOR TO WOODLAND BANK.

The prices of our goods are within the reach of all. We are and always have been

AGAINST MONOPOLY.

We have also been very fortunate in a late purchase of goods. Our

NEW IMPORTATIONS!

Consist of Everything in the

DRY GOODS

Line. We are determined to

SELL CHEAP FOR CASH

For the benefit of the general public, and you will find on inspection that the prices of our goods are

LOWER

THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE

IN WOODLAND!

It may appear strange to the public that we can do this, but the following telegram will show how we are enabled to do so:

NEW YORK, March 1st, 1878.

Messrs. Gostiner & Co., Woodland:—We have been informed by your buyer, Mr. Armstrong, that you will take our whole stock of Merchandise. You can have the same for thirty-five (35) cents on the dollar, for cash. The whole bill will amount to $22,004.45.

Yours, HOLMES, MURPHY & CO.

WOODLAND, March 3d.

Messrs. Holmes, Murphy & Co., New York:—We accept your offer. You will send the goods upon your receipt of this. We have remitted by telegraph to Mr. Armstrong, our buyer, the amount of $22,004.45. Yours, GOSLINER & CO.

It would be impossible for us to enumerate the articles of the

Immense Stock.

It is Arriving Every Day!

Therefore we beg your inspection, as it is the only method by which

We Can Convince You of the Cheapness of our goods!

ALL WE ASK IS FOR YOU TO

GIVE US A CALL!

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

THE GREAT

SAN FRANCISCO

Auction Store!

Next door to the Bank,

MAIN STREET, - WOODLAND,

GOSLINER & CO.,

ap1wtf Proprietors.

New Advertisements.

SPRING GOODS!

1878.

A. NICKLESBURG & BRO.

We wish to inform the public that we have been receiving daily for the past three weeks

SPRING

GOODS!

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!

And as our stock is now complete in every line we invite all to come and take a look. Only purchase if the article as well as the price suits. Every thing else is as usual, especially our principle of doing a

LEGITIMATE BUSINESS!

No humbugs nor exaggerations, but we let the people be the judges. Soliciting an early call we remain

Very Respectfully,

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

Sole Agents for MME. DEMOREST'S most Reliable Patterns, of which we have the latest for the

SPRING OF 1878.

ap1wtf

SACRAMENTO

AS A TRADE CENTER.

The business men of Sacramento, as well as all her people, have now the firmest confidence in

HER FUTURE GREATNESS!

She has withstood

THE GREATEST FLOOD ON RECORD

IN THIS VALLEY,

And has demonstrated beyond a question that with the careful measures being adopted for the perpetuity of her system of levees, she is forever safe from the ravages of the waters.

How and Why She Can Supply Goods of Every Description

CHEAPER

Than They can be Bought in San Francisco.

We answer—because she has advantages possessed by no other locality—saving in freight charges, wharf rates low rents and light expense. Her merchants buy direct from the large manufactories of the East and have the goods shipped by rail to their doors.

Sacramento contains some of the oldest and most firmly established merchants on this coast—including everything in the line of groceries, hardware, agricultural implements, paints and oils, stationery, crockery, liquors, drugs, clothing, carpets, gas fittings, jewelry, woodenware and earthenware, furniture, stoves and tinware, boots and shoes, etc.

Her manufactures are entensive and varied, including carriages and wagons, machinery, brass works, pails and tubs, boxes, brooms and matches, plows, harness, cloths, gloves, confectionery, pottery, iron work, sashes, doors, etc., soap, yeast powder, marble works, pumps, windmills, fanningmills leather, etc.

Her lumber yards are among the most extensive in the State; her foundries and machine shops are among the best; her brewries numerous and good; in fact there is not a line of business which may be mentioned which is not represented in Sacramento.

She possesses many fine dry goods houses, clothing houses, millinery shops, fancy goods stores, etc., her book and news depots are of the best. She possesses every facility for doing any style of printing and binding. No better hotels or markets can be found anywhere.

INTERIOR MERCHANTS intending to make purchases for the spring and summer of 1878 will find it to their advantage to

STOP AT SACRAMENTO

And talk with our Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers, and thus

Save Time and Money!

We offer quick supplies, low prices and a saving in freight charges.

Sacramento Can and Will Sell Cheaper

Than any other City or Town on this Coast,

—AND—

Give as Good an Article.

ap1wlm

New Advertisements.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

Bargains, Bargains!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING SOLD THEIR STORE AND GOOD WILL TO

HARLING, LOWRY & CO.,

Now offer to the public their Choice Stock of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

HATS, BOOTS & SHOES,

Furnishing & Fancy Goods, Etc.

—AT AN—

IMMENSE REDUCTION!

We are Compelled to Vacate the Premises on First May Next.

Come Early & Secure Bargains.

WE MEAN BUSINESS: NO HUMBUG!

BLUM & CO.,

mh29dMwtf WINTERS.

WESTERN HOTEL,

Nos. 41, 43, 45, 47, 49 and 51 K Street,

But One Block from Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

A new and elegantly furnished Hotel with all modern improvements.

Board & Lodging, $1 to $1.50 per day; Meals, 25c.

An Omnibus will convey passengers and baggage to and from the Hotel, free of charge.

ap3tlw WM. LAND, Proprietor.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner K and Fifth Streets,

Sacramento, California.

C. F. SINGLETON, PROP'R.

Board and Lodging, $1.50 @ $2.50 per Day; Per Week, $6 to $10, according to Room.

Free Coach to the House.

Notice to Contractors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Sealed Propasals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Yolo County, State of California, until WEDNESDAY, APRIL TENTH, A.D. 1878, at 10 A.M., for erecting a Bridge over Cache Creek at a point on the public highway northerly from the Town of Madison, in said county. Plans and specifications on file with Clerk of the Board.

The contract price will be paid in warrants drawn on the Contingent Fund at par. A bond in double the amount of price must accompany each bid.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Bridge to be completed within Ninety (90) days from date of letting contract.

D. M. BURNS,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.

By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.

Woodland, March 30th, 1878. mh31dwtd

GREAT SALE OF WAGONS.

The undersigned will offer for sale a large lot of first-class

LIGHT & HEAVY SPRING WAGONS

At the following times and places, to-wit:

DIXON,

SATURDAY, April 6th, at 1 P.M., Ten Wagons, four of which can now be seen at Hill's Warehouse.

WINTERS,

SATURDAY, April 13th, at 1 P.M., Ten Wagons, two of which are now in charge of Mr. Warmack.

VACAVILLE,

SATURDAY, April 20, at 1 P.M., Ten Wagons.

TERMS—Five months' credit on approved notes bearing 1½ percent. per month interest. ☞ Having a large number of these Wagons on hand that have been Wintered over, I am determined to sell them at figures that cannot be beaten here or elsewhere, and persons wanting a good Wagon should avail themselves of this opportunity to purchase.

mb28wtd JOHN PLUMER.

DESIRABLE

Woodland Property

FOR SALE!

Livery Stable, Stock, Family Residence

AND OTHER PROPERTY!

The undersigned desires to sell, immediately, the well known ELDORADO LIVERY STABLE, with all the Horses, Vehicles, Harnesses, etc., connected with the business.

Also, the property adjoining, on the corner of Third and Main streets.

Also, his Private Residence, a commodious and comfortable house, on Third—north of Court street.

The above property will be sold together or separately, as desired, at a Low Price and on Easy Terms!

For further particulars apply to

T. C. POCKMAN.

Woodland, March 21st, 1878. mb21-dwlm

THE

SARPINT OF SISKIYOU COUNTY;

—OR,—

DIAMOND DICK,

A Powerful and

Thrilling Romance of Arizona

BY DELTA CALAVERAS.

Just commenced and now ready in No. 21 of the

New York Weekly.

For sale by all News Agents.

mh28w2t

BEST BUSINESS you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. mh11d6mwly

FALL IN PRICES.

Secure an Agency and $50 or $100 per Week.

"THE EVER READY AND NEVER OUT OF ORDER"

HOMESTEAD LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINE. $20

$20

For Domestic Use,

With Table and Fixtures Complete, Reduced to Only $20.

A perfect and unequaled, large, strong and durable Machine, constructed elegant and solid, from the best material with mathematical precision, for Constant Family use or manufacturing purposes. Always ready at a moment's notice to do its day's work, never out of order, and will last a generation with moderate care; easy to understand and manage; light, smooth, and swift running, like the well-regulated movement of a fine watch; Simple, Compact, Efficient and Reliable, with all the valuable improvements to be found in the highest priced Machines, warranted to do the same work, the same way, and as rapid and smooth as a $75 Machine. An acknowledged triumph of ingenious mechanical skill, essentially the working woman's friend, and far in advance of all ordinary Machines, for absolute Strength, Reliability, and general usefulness; will Hem, Fell, Tuck, Seam, Quilt, Bind, Braid, Cord, Gather, Ruffle Shirr, Plait, Fold, Scallop, Roll, Embroider, Run up Breadths, etc., with wonderful rapidity, neatness and use, sews the strongest lasting stitch equally fine and smooth through all kinds of goods, from cambric to several thicknesses of broadcloth or leather, with fine or coarse cotton, linen, silk or twine. Gives perfect satisfaction. Will earn its cost several times over in a season in the work it does, or make a good living for any man or woman who desires to use it for that purpose; works so faithful and easy the servants or children can use it without damage. Price of Machine with light table, fully equipped for family use, $20. HALF CASE, COVER, SIDE DRAWERS AND CABINET STYLES each at correspondingly low rates. State delivery guaranteed, free from damage. Explanatory pamphlets illustrated with engravings of the several styles of Machines, reference, variety of sewing, etc., mailed free. Confidential terms with liberal inducements to enterprising Clergymen, Teachers, Business Men, Traveling or Local Agents, etc., who desire exclusive Agencies, furnished on application. Address, John H. Kendall & Co., 421 Broadway, N.Y. mh28wly

TO OWNERS OF WOOD-BURNING

THRESHING ENGINES!

MR. C. I. HALL,

Announces to the people of this section that he is now prepared to change, at a nominal cost, Wood-burning Threshing Engines so that STRAW CAN BE BURNED IN THEM for Fuel, and warrants them to be equal to the best Straw-burner in the market. He has CHANGED A NUMBER DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS and never has had one fail to

MAKE AS MUCH STEAM WITH STRAW

AS WITH WOOD!

For further particulars apply to C. I. HALL, care of Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco and Sacramento.

☞ Parties wishing New Engines with his Straw-burning Attachment will save money by consulting Mr. Hall before making a purchase elsewhere. mh24dw3m

H. KUHN & BRO.,

OPP. PORTER'S STORE, MAIN STREET,

WOODLAND.

Dealers in Tinware,

STOVES, RANGES,

PUMPS, WATER PIPES,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

Roofing, Plumbing, Gasfitting,

Galvanized Iron Water Tanks, all sizes,

MADE TO ORDER.

☞ All orders from the country promptly attended to. mh29dw

AUCTION SALE OF LIVE STOCK,

IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction, at his Ranch, ONE MILE EAST OF COTTONWOOD,

April 27th, 1878,

A fine lot of Milch Cows, Young Cattle, Horses, Farming Implements, etc., etc., to the highest bidder.

TERMS—On sums of $20 and upwards, credit will be given till September 1st, 1878, on approved notes bearing 1 per cent. per month interest; below $20 cash on delivery.

J. W. HAMBLETON.

March 20th, 1878. mh20-dwtd

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, April 4th, 1878.

GEO. M. MOTT is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

CAL. PACIFIC R.R. TIME-TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.

From Williams:—Arrives 6:30 A.M. Leaves 6:40 A.M. for San Francisco.

From Knights Landing:—Arrives 12:40 P.M. Leaves 12:50 P.M. for San Francisco.

GOING NORTH.

From San Francisco:—Arrives 2:15. Leaves 2:20 P.M. for Knights Landing.

From San Francisco:—Arrives 8:45 P.M. Leaves 8:55 P.M. for Williams.

SUNDAY—GOING NORTH.

From San Francisco:—Arrives 11:44 A.M. Leaves 11:45 P.M. for Williams.

GOING SOUTH.

From Williams:—Arrives 3:40 P.M. Leaves 3:41 P.M. for San Francisco.

THE MAILS.

From the East and South arrive at 2:30 P.M., and 9 P.M. From the North at 7:00 A.M.

Going East and South, close at 6 A.M., and 12 M.; and going North at 11:50 A.M.

Knights Landing or Grafton Mail arrives at 1 P.M., and closes at 2 P.M.

Capay and Quicksilver Mine Mail leaves Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays at 6 o'clock A.M., arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 4 P.M.

Plainfield Mail Tuesdays and Fridays.

Town and County Matters

Among the Pigtails.

Those people who have never visited Chinese quarters can form no adequate idea of their mode of living. It cannot be fully described, and when seen can scarcely be believed. By invitation of Assessor Beamer our reporter made one of a party organized for the purpose of making a tax-collecting raid upon the Mongolian population of Woodland. As is known, road and poll tax are things that no one is particularly fond of paying, but in the matter of eluding just taxation the Chinese bear the palm. To collect these taxes the Assessor is always accompanied by an escort. This is for two reasons: First, their place of abode has to be surrounded so that none of the inmates can obtain egress, for, if once out, they would inform their countrymen of the Assessor's presence and then these enlightened gentlemen would quickly secret their money and bid defiance to the Collector's demand. In the second place the Mongolians are of a very treacherous nature, and if the Assessor were to be alone they would, in many cases, prefer to give him a dirk or iron bar to the money. Our first raid was on the wash-house of Sam Sing, Esq. We quietly stepped to the door, and upon obtaining entrance the party divided, two guarding the front door and two the back door. Mr. Beamer stepped to the "boss" of the establishment and said: "Sabe linchee? me wante linchee. Come, hurry up." "Me no catchee linchee," said the Mongol. "Allee boys of Woodland heap sabe me. Me alle time washee them, no catchee no money. Said Dick, "Me heap sabe Chinaman—allee time say no catchee money. Chinaman get money allee time" "No," persisted the Chinaman, "no catchee money to-night, you come to-mollow." The Chinaman still persisted in saying he had not the money. Dick quietly went to his bed and taking down his satchel, which was hanging on the wall, he gave it to one of the party and told the Chinaman that it would be returned when he paid his road and poll tax. This brought the Mongolian to his senses, and going down in a box he brought out a well-filled purse, and Dick gave him his receipts and pocketed four dollars. At the next house the proceedings were substantially the same. But we gave two or three Celestials their receipts before we left. Several houses were canvassed in the same manner. It is very strange that none of these Chinese can obtain work. Everyone we asked for money gave the same reply: "Me no gottee job now. Soon you come next week, then me catchee money." Most of them also are very young, comparatively few being sixteen, and all those over sixteen are "sixty-three." "For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee are peculiar." At last we came to the house known as "McGuire's Opera House," which is situated immediately in the rear of Bentley & Simpson's saloon. After "cleaning out" the house, we went down into the underground passages where a scene presented itself horrible in the extreme. On low, hard couches, lay the miserable wretches under the narcotic influence of opium. The whole atmosphere of the room was redolent with noisome smells, and out of the floor oozed fetid slime. Their bed were composed of boards over which were thrown mats, and their pillows were only small boards. Dick managed to give some of these wretches their receipts, and then we left, only too glad to be again in the pure air. House after house was entered and each presented the same picture of heathenism. In rooms large enough for one, were reposing a dozen, piled together like so many herrings. At about two o'clock in the night we had accomplished our mission, and we then went home. We have passed through many a changing scene, but we had never realized before the extremity to which human depravity could be carried, and we would never have done so had we not made that nocturnal raid among the pigtails.

A Talented Waiter.

There is a waiter not a thousand miles from Woodland who is very learned. He aspires to be an actor, and is well read in dramatic literature. His favorite author is Shakespeare, and the way the great dramatist's plays are tortured by this aspirant for histronic honors is terrible to contemplate. This waiter was unfortunate enough to fall in love with a beautiful creature who does the general work of the hotel. He used every opportunity to inform her of the fact, but the young lady could not reciprocate, for her affections were already engaged to another. A frend of ours who boarded at this hotel went to breakfast some weeks ago, and, as he was an early riser overheard the following which was being given by the waiter with the pantry for his theatre and the dishes for his audience:

> Oh, that this to too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
> Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

From the language and the tone our informant thought that possibly the young man might be contemplating suicide, so he opened the pantry and walked in. What a sight met his view! The waiter was standing in the centre of the room grasping a large butcher knife. Running up to the tragedian he snatched the knife from his hand and inquired: "What's this! what seems to be the matter?" "Seems," echoed the waiter, "seems, nay it is; I know not seems!" "Well if you don't know what seems is may be you can tell me what you were trying to do with that knife." "I am reasoning thus with life; if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing all fools possess," said the flunkey. Our informant grew confidential and asked the young fellow what was the matter. He told of the manner in which he had been treated by the young lady and wound up by saying:

> If I do prove her haggard
> Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
> I'd whistle her off and let her down the winds
> To pray at fortune.

List of Unclaimed Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Woodland, Yolo County, Cal., April 1, 1878.

Armstrong, Robert	Smith, Chas M
Allen, T	Sharp, Catharine
Fanning, John	Shelton, Richard
Melton, P J	Wilson, Josie

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

L. WALKER, P. M.

From Miss Susan.

KNIGHTS LANDING, March 27, 1878.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—"Everything here seems to be pursuing the evil tenor of its way." Some water continued to run through the streets of our town till yesterday. Our citizens "turned out" and stopped its further intrusion by building a levee. Business is becoming more lively as the roads get better. Our merchants, grocers and druggists are receiving new supplies of goods in their respective lines of business. The cars now run into town and connect with the boats to and from Sacramento. We occasionally see some Woodlandites in town on their way home from Sacramento.

Our personals this week will necessarily be scant, as we in our former letter made some mistakes that duty prompts us to correct. We stated that Cars had taken to smoking. This is not strictly true. If Cars has smoked at all, it has been nothing more than cigarettes. John Eastham is not physically "stuck," but mentally. Tom Adams has changed his mind and now says that he thinks there will be no chills in this community. Stillburn found some soap at Mosier Bros.' that does not work very effectually. We have some new items that may be of some interest to your readers. Our much esteemed friend Harrison, after a visit to Sacramento, appeared upon the streets last Sunday eve. in a new diagonal suit. He of course went forth to immolate himself among the "fairs," and we are happy to say that "success perched upon his banner."

Our esteemed friend Demy has a stitch in his back, but by proper medication we think Charley will be sea-worthy soon; Charley uses iodine. Smut is becoming a favorite game among the *elite* of our town. One of our young men received by express, a few days ago, quite an assortment of smutting implements, viz., cards, burnt corks, etc. There has been much speculation in relation to whom "Susan" is. Many say that she is no less a personage than our pedagogue, he assumming a fictitious cognomen. Well we are willing that they may think so. But we must tell you a little story of a young *gallant* of this place. A few evenings ago this young man appeared on Front street with a fair lady appended to each arm, and passing by the Drug Store, he remarked with reddening cheek, this is my Drug Store. "Ah indeed!" said the lady nearest his fluttering heart. "Yes," said he, "and I suppose that we sell as many PILES as any house in San Francisco." The young man then faltered in his utterance, and all that we could distinctly hear was this: "I-i-if I e-ever cease to love—" We imagined that we could hear him conclude thus: "May my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." But we are not certain. All beyond this is mere conjecture.

Ed. Huston was in town a few days ago, he found some spoons that had been misplaced by the flood and then returned to Blacks.

Boat riding is all the go here.

Fryatt made it lively for a Chinaman today. Don't know whether Sol. got his ten dollars or not. SUSAN.

A Trade Centre.

The business men of Sacramento are wise in letting the people of Yolo county know through our columns that it is for their interest to make their purchases in that city in preference to going to San Francisco, where they have to pay higher prices, considerably more in traveling expenses and hotel bills and largely increased freight bills. We of the Sacramento Valley particularly ought to make Sacramento city our headquarters for making purchases. If we have not tried it, let us begin now and see how the figures compare with those of former purchases, not forgetting attendant expenses. We all know that rents, taxes, wharfage, and almost every other current expense are less at the Capital City than at the Bay, and it is the privilege of interior merchants, agriculturalists and all other purchasers to avail themselves of the reduced rates which these advantages allow.

A "Game" Cock.

One of our townsmen who lives near the brick yard is quite a poultry fancier, and has some very fine thoroughbred fowls. Among others he is the owner of a magnificent game cock. The other morning on going to the chicken house to feed his chickens he discovered a cat and her four little kittens lying dead in the inclosure. They had been terribly mutilated, and the presence of the game cock, crowing over their bodies, indicated the manner in which they had met their death. The rooster had evidently objected to the the presence of the felines in his apartment, and had exterminated them in the most approved style of cock-fighting. This is actually the gamest "rooster" we have ever heard of.

That Bug.

The following is from a correspondent at Madison: I have been a reader of your valuable paper for seven years. I have learned much from the perusal of its columns, and many a doubt has been solved through the medium of the DEMOCRAT. Though I have taken your paper for the time above stated, I have never bothered you with questions, but now I must. I have gazed with feelings of terror on that spider in your advertising columns, I have dreamed of it when sleeping, and in my daily musings I have brooded upon its vermin form. Tell me what it means. It is the only time I shall bother you, so please unravel the mystery. Yours in sorrow, H.

The New Machine Shop.

Mr. White, of the firm of White, Harris & Co., informs us that their new planing mill north of the depot is completed, and that they are now prepared to receive orders or take contracts for building, repairing, or any kind of job wood-work. He also states that the iron working department will be completed in a few days, when he will be able to accommodate farmers and others desiring work done in that line. They propose making their shop second to none in the county. Their card, giving particulars, will appear in our advertising columns in a few days.

Races.

There will be a sweepstake running race on Saturday, May 11th, over the Woodland race course. It is to be a quarter-dash, free for all, for a purse of $100; entrance $100; weight ninety pounds. On May 18th there will be another sweepstake race, for a purse of $100, entrance and weight the same as the one on the 11th. Entrance will close on April 27th, $50 to be paid at the time of entrance and the balance on the day before the race. Four horses to enter and three to start in each of the above races.

Poison Fountain.

We have received from the author, Zach Montgomery, a book entitled "The Poison Fountain, or Anti-Parental Education." It is composed of essays and discussions on the School Question, "from a parental standpoint." In this book the decline of parental authority, the downfall of family government, and the terrible growth of crime, pauperism, insanity and suicides in America are traced directly to our anti-parental school system. It is a very nicely bound volume, and its contents are worthy of perusal.

Woodland Markets.

[REPORTED DAILY BY F. S. FREEMAN & CO.]

WOODLAND, April 3.

FLOUR—℔ bbl, $6 50@$7 00.

SUGAR—Island Refined, 10 @ 11c; S. F. Golden C., 11c; S. F. Fine Crushed, 13½c; N. Y. Yellow C., 11½c; N. Y. Fine Crushed, 14c; N. Y. Granulated, 13.

TEA—Japan, 35@60c.

CANDLES—14@20c.

SOAP—C. O., ℔ ℔ 5@6½c; Cold Water Bleaching, 8@10c.

PRODUCE.

WHEAT—$1 70@$1 72½.

BARLEY—$1 25@1 50.

POTATOES—$1 75.

HAY—$14 00.

EGGS—℔ doz., 20c

POULTRY—Hens, ℔ doz. $5 50@6 00; Chickens, $3 50@$4 00; Turkeys ℔ ℔ 14c.

BUTTER—20@25c.

WOOL—Spring, 17@19c; Fall, ...@...c.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Legislature adjourned Monday night at 12 o'clock.

Another lot of those nice uncanvassed Hams, at J. H. Eaton & Son's. *

Thomas & Bidwell have removed into their new store. It is quite roomy.

Gum, Cypress and Pine trees grown in Woodland. A large assortment at E. L. Little's Nursery. *

Mr. D. A. Jackson will attend to the sprinkling of our streets the coming summer. He proposes to give everyone satisfaction.

The Chinese who were arrested on the charge of chicken stealing were discharged, as sufficient evidence for conviction could not not be found.

Mr. Byron Jackson has been appointed agent for Powell's patent derrick nets. This invention is said to be universally popular wherever used.

On a recent visit to the State Capitol we were pleased to see Surveyor-General Minis again in his office, having just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatism.

The finest, smallest, 18-carat gold Swiss stem-winder in the city; the work having 600 pieces; cost in Paris, $120; my price is $67; Uncle Harris, 702 Kearny Street, S. F.

The Woodland Turn Vereins will give their annual picnic on the first or second day of May. The entertainments of this society are always well attended and pleasant. *

Mr. Thomas Hodgen, of Sacramento, has been appointed Deputy District Attorney of this county, more especially to prosecute criminal cases in Justices' Courts in Washington.

The Napa *Register* comes to us enlarged. It is a very good local paper, and we hope the people of Napa will show their appreciation of its publishers by giving it a hearty support.

As will be seen by their large advertisement, Messrs. Blum & Co., of Winters have sold their store to Harling, Lowry & Co., of that place, and offer their large stock of goods at a great reduction in prices.

The weather has been very lovely for the past few days. Fruit trees are in bloom and the whole landscape presents a vivid picture of beauty. Business is improving, and every body wears a look of cheerfulness.

Messrs. A. Nickelsburg & Bros. publish a new advertisement this week in which they offer great inducements to the public. Their store has recently been renovated and the stock replenished in every department.

While in Sacramento recently we met upon the street Mr. A. Heyman, the well known agent of the Steinway pianos. Mr. Heyman is just recovering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, but is now able to again attend to business.

Mr. C. V. Burke, of Cacheville, has favored us with a sample of what he calls buckwheat flour, made from bald barley. It is about as fine as Graham flour and of a rich, creamy color. Its "eating" qualities must be tested before they are referred to. *

The barge "Giant" in tow of the Steamer Gov. Dana, arrived at Knights Landing Tuesday with a cargo of 90,000 feet of lumber consigned to Geo. D. Fiske, Jr. & Co., of this place. We understand another similar cargo is to arrive next Saturday. The firm evidently means business.

War! War! War! is the heading of the advertisement of the San Francisco Auction Store of Messrs. Gosliner & Co., who are daily receiving new goods for the Spring trade, and they invite an inspection by the people of Woodland and vicinity.

Next Saturday the foot-race comes off. The principal feature of this day's sport will be, however, a fat man's race. The principal "solid men of town have entered for this trial of speed, and good time will be made. All persons weighing over two hundred and ten pounds will be allowed to enter.

A beautiful new song, entitled "Fading," by Sally C. Mason, has just been received through Mr. G. W. Green, music dealer, of this city, from the publishers, Messrs. Sherman, Hyde & Co., of San Francisco. The melody is in waltz time, and is very captivating. The marked price is 40 cents.

Lost between Woodland and Weyand's Corners, a bundle of letters and papers, among which was a note on W. F. Parks for one thousand dollars dated about July 24th, 1877, in favor of James Veirs. The person finding them will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the butcher shop of Veirs & Gwinn. *

Mr. A. G. Reed says that he has kept his word about selling out, and he would also inform all those owing him bills that he will immediately proceed to collect all such indebtedness, and therefore begs all those indebted to him to call and liquidate. No humbug or foolishness, the money must be forthcoming. *

LEGISLATIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

[SPECIAL TO THE DAILY DEMOCRAT.]

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—I am again able to scribble a few lines to your truly able and interesting paper. I have had something like diptheria, and was too unwell to write anything for the press. This has annoyed me the more, since some of the most singularly strange and important events have transpired in the California Legislature during this time that have marked this

EVENTFUL SESSION.

Of course you have noticed by the newspapers the conduct of Senator Bones and the action of the so-called Workingmen upon his strange and erratic course. I have criticized the Senator before, and since he is charged with acting falsely toward his constituents on the day he made his explanation or defense, though quite unwell, was present, and would not have been absent for any small consideration. I could not help but sympathize with him. He was so earnest and so honest in his statement in regard to his conduct that one could not enjoy it as a farce, yet many of the Senators thus treated it, and a broad grin was visible over the body. He is not a bad man. He is simply out of his place in the Senate. Had no experience in public life, wanted to please those who were importunate for his vote, and had no more dreamed of betraying his party, than he supposed he was being used by cunning politicians of long standing. Would to God Dennis Kearny was beyond a doubt as unsophistocated, as honest and as pure as Senator Bones. It is no light thing to have a party of men half crazed by fanaticism and maddened by want and suffering, urged forward by designing knaves, make threats at the life of a Senator, abuse and traduce him, and follow him into the very presence of the representatives of

A FREE PEOPLE,

And heaping indignity, insults and threats upon him, demand of him his immediate resignation. Few men would have more nerve under the circumstances than had the Senator from Alameda. The indignity was not upon him alone, but upon the whole people of a free State—once free, now cringing in fear of what and whom? Of a pittiless tyrant in favor of an ignorant and passionate demagogue who, if he believed he was right, would be as dangerous as he is now unprincipled. It made my blood boil to hear the recital of this persecuted man, who had been dragged from his quiet home and honest, peaceful occupations, made use of to carry an election, and because he would not do their bidding in the Senate to have his life threatened, his character blackened, and his family made unhappy, while all who know him know he is incapable of doing wrong. Sir from my acquaintance with him I would trust him with my life or honor as soon as any Senator on the floor and there are those there whom I have long known and do sincerely respect. He was not

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

Nor for the use his partisans wished to make him subservient to, I felt strongly and warmly in favor of this labor movement, and hoped to see much good from it, and was requested to address the body in Sacramento; but I cannot sympathize with men who are led, no not led, but trampled upon by one crying out reform, free speech and justice, and standing in the presence of a free people in the

NINETEENTH CENTURY

With a rope, exhibiting the hangman's noose, and threating life and property if forsooth *he*, Dennis Kearny, of whom no one outside of San Francisco knew anything, did not have his own way, breaking up meetings, displacing Chairman, and all in the name of Reform On yesterday the son of Mr. Bones sat alongside of his father—a fine looking and modest intelligent appearing young gentleman. It came into my mind that if these Kearnyites should assassinate his father, he would take upon some of them a ten-fold vengeance.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

On yesterday the Senate passed what is called the Hart Bill, by a vote of 27 to 11. This is said to be a triumph for the Railroad Company, and it appears like it, for the railroad men voted for this bill. It is my opinion that Governor Irwin will be so busy, or forgetful, or careless, as to put this bill in his pocket and there let it rest. The bill makes one Commissioner and is not in any sense against the interests of the railroads. The fear of Kearny did not prevent Governor Stanford appearing on the Senate floor and interviewing members in favor of this measure. He looks as unruffled as if there was no political storm brewing and as fearless as if there was no danger. He only laughs at Kearny's talk about him and intimates that Dennis manufactured the conversation between him and himself.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF TRANSPORTATION

May blame themselves for the defeat of the bill they had introduced. These men certainly endorse the railroad company in their report. They do not find the reasons of complaint, the people are and have been making in reference to two great charges and unjust discriminations between persons and places.

The Committee on Finance and Claimes of the Senate had the

APPROPRIATION BILL

Introduced by the Assembly Committee of Ways and Means and passed the Assembly before them last night. It is a long bill and gives as liberally as usual to all the different branches of government, the prison, and the asylums and hospitals. The appropriations for the next two years will come near to two and a half millions. In my next I will give you something about the different grants to these objects. I ought to add that I expect the *rope noose* to be again exhibited by Dennis, for Bones voted for the Hart Bill, and of course the howl will go up—he has betrayed us, he is bought, while I suppose he thought he was voting for the only legislation that could be had on the subject and voting rightly.

INDEX.

SACRAMENTO, March 28, 1878.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—As the session of the Legislature approaches its end, members become more active, and the confusion is often so great as to be almost confounded.

This afternoon witnessed a scene, good-humored as it was, that is dangerous, by reason of the facility by which a bad bill can be passed amid such confusion. Members moving to adjourn, others were pleading "just indulge me for a moment, it won't take two seconds." Another cries out "I move to dispense with the reading of the bill." The President says in great haste, "if no objection reading be dispencd with, hear no objection, all in favor of the passage of the bill say aye"—some one or two votes for the bill. "Ayes have it—bill passed." Six or seven Senators all crying "Mr. President, Mr. President," others, "I move to adjourn," "O no, its late in the session, we must get through with our file." The President cries out "all in favor of adjournment will say aye." "Ayes and noes cry out a dozen, roll is called and "noes have it;" Senate refuses to adjourn. Seven or eight jump on their feet, each crying at the top of his voice, "Mr. President, Mr. President." The President recognizes the gentleman from Alpine or some place, who says, "Mr. President, this is a small bill, I move to dispense with the reading." "No objections, reading dispensed with," and a vote is taken and perhaps an important measure is thus passed—perhaps a good and perhaps a bad law thus finds its place on the statute book. At the very time Legislators ought to be cautious, they become anxious, confused and careless, so that they get a pet measure through the body. The same is equally chargable on the Assembly, but hardly to the extent it is in the more dignified body called the Senate.

THE RETRACTION BILL

"Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," during this session. This was a favorite measure of the *Record-Union*, and one upon which the Hon. Grove L. Johnson had set his heart; but the fiat has gone forth and the Assembly struck out the enacting clause.

THE IRRIGATION AND DEBRIS BILL

Has passed both Houses. This act authorizes the Governor to appoint an Engineer to gather information by measuring the water, examining the mines that send off debris and the value of property they destroy. It appropriates $100,000, and if it doos not do more good than the Committee on Transportation, its work will be of little value.

HART'S RAILROAD BILL

Has now been passed by both branches of the Legislature. The Senate passed it by a vote of 28 to 9. This was a grand triumph for Governor Stanford, who was present engineering it through. It is whispered that Governor Irwin will pocket this bill and then the law by which the Commissioners are now acting will be the law for two years more. I hardly think he will do so in the face of the large vote for the Hart Bill.

ANOTHER RAILROAD BILL,

And one that I believe is meritorious, passed the Senate to-day. It is "an act authorizing the Supervisors of San Francisco to sell to the Railroad about 60 acres in the Bay called "Mission," and close up the imaginary streets that are laid out through those waters. The Railroad Company want to build machine shops there after filling up the Bay. This will give men (what Kearny appears not to want) work, and vastly improve the city. The San Francisco delegation were a unit in demanding this law.

APPROPRIATION BILL.

The Legislature now near its close will undoubtedly appropriate more money than usual at this session. There are many extras beside the Constitutional Convention, the Irrigation scheme, the State Prison and 400 more prisoners than two years since, and asks $65,000 in addition to last year, being $305,000. The Normal School $66,000 instead of $48,000, $37,000 for the establishment of sessions of Supreme Court at Los Angeles; $99,528 for the National Guard, instead of $60,000 last session. There have been a number of

PRAISEWORTHY REDUCTIONS

In expenses, not the least of them the reduction made by our worthy Surveyor-General, Hon. William Minis, of Yolo, who reduces in his office in Clerk hire alone $7.200. Also in the Controller's office Mr. Brown reduces $4,600. Then the Insane Asylum at Stockton asks $100,000 less than two years ago. She has $56,000 now unexpended.

A NEW DISTRICT JUDGE

Was created this session, and this takes $12,000 to pay his salary. There is also a liberal bill now in the Assembly which I learn contributes to the

CHARITBLE INSTITUTIONS

One hundred and forty thousand dollars. The Orphan Asylum gets $100 for each whole and $75 for each half orphan or abandoned child. The Appropriation Bill proper as passed by the Assembly, and as recommended by the Committee of Finance and Claims of the Senate appropriates in round numbers for the 30th and 31st fiscal years $2,325,000.

TWO GOOD BILLS

Introduced by Senator Pierson passed the Senate yesterday under a suspension of the rules. These bills make it a misdemeanor for boys under 16 years of age to "loaf" in any place where liquor is sold, and prevents them begging or being made to beg or peddle. Also prevents making shows of them by making them dance, sing, play on instruments, walk tight rope, or in fact anything of the kind, and punishes men for hiring them. INDEX.

SACRAMENTO, March 30, 1878.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—This day has been one of considerable interest in the Legislature. In the Senate the most important measure was the

APPROPRIATION BILL.

On yesterday it passed the Senate after being amended by attaching the charitable institutions thereto. This increased the bill about $70,000 for the two years to come. These charitable institutions heretofore have been provided for by a separate bill, but the bill that was in the Assembly it was thought would never reach the Senate in time for its passage, and in order to save these appropriations it was thought best to attach them to the general Appropriation bill and the Senate on yesterday, passed the bill with the Amendment, but Dr. Beam, Chairman of Committee on Hospitals, gave notice that he would move for a reconsideration of this bill, because the

SAN FRANCISCO LYING-IN HOSPITAL

received six thousand dollars in the bill. As good as his word, the Dr., on to-day moved to reconsider and the Senate did as he requested. Then came another fight over the bill which resulted in striking this institution off, and if we are to believe some of the most influential citizens of San Francisco, it is as worthy as any in the State.

POLICE BILL.

After a bitter discusson, in which Anderson, Johnson, Tobin, Coffee and others in the Assembly took part, this bill to increase the Police force of San Francisco passed the Assembly by a vote of 37 to 32. This is the Coffee bill, and is about the same that McCoppin got through the Senate, and about which the *Examiner* raised such a hue and cry. Indeed on account of this bill and the

WATER BILL

of San Francisco, Penn Johnson, of the *Examiner* has seen proper to read McCoppin out of the Democratic party. In the issue of the 27th inst. that great thunderer uses very severe language in reference to Senator McCoppin, about the Democracy having carried him for so long, and his being such a weight upon the party in San Francifco, and all that sort of nonsense. I do not want to advertise the paper, but when it will attack a gentleman who has acted as conscientiously and as economically as has Senator McCoppin, I do not like to remain silent.

I feel that I cannot say less in defense of one who has stood faithful as has the Senator from San Francisco, and that, having voted the Democratic ticket since 1839, I have a right to tell even the immaculate editor of the *Examiner* that he has been a great weight—a heavier burden to Democracy than Senator McCoppin. INDEX.

SACRAMENTO, April 31, 1878.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—The Legislature has but one more day to transact and close out its business.

THE APPROPRIATION BILL

passed the Assembly and was amended in the Senate by adding to it the appropriations to all the charitable institutions of the State. These institutions have heretofore received State aid about the same as is contained in the amendment added to this bill, but the Assembly had a separate bill which grants about the same amount. And the members of this body complain that by attaching these objects to this bill it was intended to force them through. In my humble judgment these objects legitimately and properly belong to the Appropriation bill. The end of this dispute is not yet, but a free Conference Committee has been appointed, and are to meet on Monday, the last day of the session. The Lieutenant Governor announced to the Senate that if the Legislature did not pass this bill it would cause an extra session, for the Government must have money to run upon, and I think the Assembly will yet recede.

CAPT. JOHN MULLEN

Sent to the President of the Senate a most singular communication in reference to a water bill that passed as a substitute in the Assembly. He charged Gildea as not being a tax-payer, not being acquainted with and not doing his duty. It was one of the most absurd and dictatorial, as well as insulting documents, ever sent to a Legislature. The Senate was indignant, and ordered it sent back to its author.

A STRANGE OMISSION.

There has been two bills, one before the Senate and one before the Assembly, for an increase in the police force in San Francisco, Mr. McCoppin and Mr. Coffee, being the authors. The first named gentleman, when Coffee's bill came into the Senate, moved to amend by striking out all after the enacting clause and inserting his bill, This passed, the bill went back to the Assembly and that body concurred in the amendment. The bill was enrolled, engrossed and sent to the Governor for his signature, when lo! in was found that there was no enacting clause in it, but this was corrected by a vote of 36 to 1 in the Senate, and all is now right. It may have been an intentional omission—can't tell. This bill was warmly contested, and only passed the Assembly by a vote of 39 to 32.

MAJOR GENERAL LEWIS.

I ought to have mentioned in my last the appointment of General Lewis. He was confirmed by a unanimous vote of the Senate. He may distinguish himself in the National guard by his soldiery looks, for I presume that this is all that will be required of him.

THE FOLSOM PRISON BILL.

This bill as amended, ought to have passed, both branches of the Legislature. The amendment is to the effect that unless the directors can hire out 350 prisoners at 50 cents per diem for five years, and those employing them to give good security in $250,000 that they will perform the provision of the contract—the State Prison directors to approve the bond, and if all this is not done, then not one cent of the $200,000 appropriation shall be given to this prison. The amendment is certainly a fair one, so far as the State is concerned, but I do not think the contract for the labor and the security can be obtained.

Creed Haymond made the best speech of the session on this question. The vote was 17 to 15. A notice for a motion to reconsider was given, but it was against the rules, and so the President decided. I fear it will not pass the Assembly.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

I tried to get a bill containing the full text of this measure to send you, but the last amendments are not printed in any bill. The at large principle applies in this manner: There are 32 at large, eight from each Congressional district, but to be voted for in all parts of the State. The pay is ten dollars per diem. Of course the others are to be elected from the districts as are the members of the Legislature.

THE RELIEF CANAL BILL

Has not yet become a law, but will most likely on Monday. Hilborn, of Solano, fought it bitterly.

FUN ON THE LAST NIGHT.

The last day of the session comes on the first of April, and we may expect some sport on that evening. There cannot be anything done during the last few hours of the session while the Legislature is awaiting messages of approval or disapproval of bills, and the tedium of these hours are lightened by a little sport. Such as the appointment of Peanut Inspector or Commissioner. INDEX.

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

BORN.

In Woodland, March 31st, to the wife of Hon. J. C. Ball, a Son.

In Woodland, March 30th, to the wife of Prof. J. Goin, a Daughter.

DIED.

In Dixon, Solano County, March 31st, Linford Frahm, son of George and Amelia Frahm, aged 4 months and 15 days.

Orland's Opinion of the Prospects.

WINTERS, April 1st, 1878.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—We are just now quietly dodging through this remarkable season. If the storms prevent our going to work much longer we will have to demand a nominal rate of wages for sleeping. Barley and oats are now heading, and scarcely a furrow made towards summer-fallowing. Usually we are half through plowing at this date. Much remains to be done, and that in haste to give us time for harvest. As far as I observed while passing through the five chief counties of the Sacramento Valley—Yolo, Solano, Colusa, Butte and Tehama, there will be a large falling off of grain to that which has been reported. Grain looks well at a distance, but on entering a field you will find the low spots filled with grass and "cheat." Hogs along the river have suffered; this does not seem to be the case elsewhere. Cattle have suffered little. But the greatest loss has been in sheep. Adding the increase to the old stock the sheep in these counties will fall short at least 25 per cent. Nevertheless the losses which have occurred, this will doubtless prove a fair season to most of the settlers, and open up for California the most thriving times that we have had for many years. In connection with their summer's work ranchers will soon be able to give employment to a large force of help, which, no doubt will entirely relieve the dispensers of the Relief Societies who have acted with such becoming philantrophy to the poor and deserving laborers. Already we find some inquiries for teamsters, sprinkled in with those for other labor upon the farm, and judging from the amount of buildings in contemplation carpenters will also be in demand at no distant day. Our gardeners are experiencing a good share of patience this spring in getting their vegetables to growing.

Among the changes that have taken place recently in our burg is the sale of Blum & Co's. store to Harling, Lowry & Co. While we have known Messrs. H. L. & Co. for many years as honest and upright in their dealings, we regret that a good jovial and thorough business man like Mr. Blum is to leave us; and the Odd Fellows can hardly spare Bowen; and then there is Fisher—what will the girls do?

From ten to fifteen car-loads of wheat go daily from the Madison and Winters warehouses.

Fifty road overseers are needed to build grades and culverts to be washed away next winter.

The Putah Canyon grade contractors have got a tiger by the tail.

Wood and hay are luxuries which many farmers do not possess in large quantities.

Our Workingmen's Club, with Judge Hulse President, and John A. Brown Secretary, has been a success. But we fear several members are those kid-glove kind of workingmen who force themselves into places foreign to their calling.

This has been a remarkable season for ducklings and turkeys, good for the first but death to the latter.

This is a good time for setting posts for fences, and several of our farmers have profited by it. First, sharpen the post and then let the rain drive them. ORLAND.

An Historical Fact.

Every agent who has been steadily selling the Improved $20 Homestead Lock Stitch Sewing Machine for three years, owns his dwelling house, has a good account in bank, is clear of debt, and has money at interest—the natural consequence of securing a good agency for superior goods at the lowest prices. A good first-class Sewing Machine, most useful—reliable at all times, easy to understand and control, the same size and does the same work as any machines that sell at FOUR TIMES the price. There is no machine at any price better, or that will do finer or more work, and certainly done so low in price by many dollars. The HOMESTEAD is widely known and used in thousands of families in the Eastern and Middle States, and daily becoming popular in the West. It will save its cost several times over in one season, doing the work of the Family, or will earn four or five dollars a day for any man or woman who sews for a living. It is the strongest machine made, is ready at all times to do its work, makes the strongest and finest stitch yet invented, and is fully acknowledged as the Standard Family Sewing Machine. Price, complete for domestic use, reduced to $20, delivered at your door, no matter how remote you may reside. Business permanent and honorable, with more certain and rapid sales and larger profits than any other. Extraordinary liberal offers made to local or traveling agents where we have none established; or, if there is no agent near you, send your order direct to the factory. Address, John H. Kendall & Co., 421 Broadway, New York.

An eight-stop Estey Organ, a seven-stop Smith Organ and a ten-stop Clough & Warren Organ, for sale very cheap at Green's jewelry store. *

Mrs. Edwards, teacher of vocal and instrumental music. Orders left at Green's Jewelry Store.

Sherman & Hyde Square Grand, four round corners, only $500. Warranted for ten years. *

Go to G. W. Greene for Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise. *

Buy the Sherman & Hyde Square Grand Piano. *

Buy the celebrated Estey Organ, Sherman, Hyde & Co. Agents, San Francisco. *

Weber Pianos took first premium at the Centennial. *

Sherman, Hyde & Co., San Francisco, sell Pianos and Organs on easy terms. *

Form and Feature,

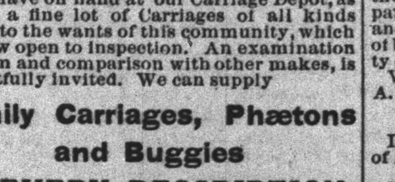
Unless associated with good teeth, are shorn of half the attractions they may otherwise possess. Bearing this fact in mind, use SOZODONT, which will prevent your teeth from losing their whiteness, and will render them spotless if specked and discolored. The tint and hardness of coral are imparted to the gums by this incomparable preservative and beautifying agent, and the breath is rendered fragrant as honeysuckle by its use. It is safe, besides being effective. Sold by druggists.

Yerby & Priot's

CARRIAGE DEPOT,

WASHINGTON BLOCK

WOODLAND.



We have on hand at our Carriage Depot, as above, a fine lot of Carriages of all kinds suited to the wants of this community, which are now open to inspection. An examination of them and comparison with other makes, is respectfully invited. We can supply

Family Carriages, Phætons and Buggies

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

All of which are built under contract in Chicago. There is

Better Workmanship and Materials

Used in the construction of these Carriages than in any that have ever before been offered in Yolo County, and

THEY ARE GUARANTEED

To do Good Service and Give Satisfaction to the purchaser.

Orders for Any Style of Carriage will be promptly filled.

Also, a Fine Lot of Eastern Harness

Of Any Style, to Suit the Tastes of Customers.

fe15w3m YERBY & PRIOR.

By Universal Accord,

AYERS CATHARTIC PILLS are the best purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves that the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pill can be compared with them, and every person knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual, cathartic is required.

Nearly Half a Century!

It is now over forty years since BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA and PILLS were first introduced to the public, and now, after that long period of trial, they are universally admitted to be the best of all remedies for impure blood and humors, scrofula, old sores and confirmed rheumatism.

Summons.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SIXTH Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the County of Yolo.

BENJAMIN ELY and J. GRIFFIN, Plaintiffs, vs. JAMES W. HOWARD, SARAH M. HOWARD and JOSEPH HEWITT, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of Yolo, and the Complaint filed in said County, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES W. HOWARD, SARAH M. HOWARD and JOSEPH HEWITT, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs in the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of Yolo, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service, after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, then within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain Mortgage described in the said Complaint, and executed by the said JAMES W. HOWARD and SARAH M. HOWARD on the 9th day of December, A.D. 1876, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note bearing even date therewith, made and executed by JAMES W. HOWARD, for the sum of $4,700 with interest at the rate of one and one-fourth per cent. per month until paid; that the premises conveyed by said Mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said promissory note and the interest then found due, together with the Attorney's fees provided for in said mortgage, and costs of suit, and in case said proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said defendants for the balance remaining due, and also that the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of Yolo, this 13th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

By JAS. C. HARLAN, Deputy Clerk.

F. E. BAKER, Att'y for Plaintiffs. mh21w2m

Probate Notice.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE County of Yolo, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of W. J. CAMPBELL, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of LOUISA CAMPBELL, Administratrix of the Estate of W. J. CAMPBELL, deceased, praying for an order to sell three hundred acres of land belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying claims against said estate which are now outstanding, due and unpaid, and the debts, charges and expenses of Administration accrued and accruing, and it appearing from said petition that it is necessary to sell some portion of said real estate for the purposes above mentioned:

It is ordered and adjudged that SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, A.D., 1878, at the hour of 10 o'clock A.M. of that day, at the Court Room of said Court, at the Court House at Woodland, in said county, be, and the same are hereby appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition, and all persons interested in said Estate are hereby directed to appear before said Court, at said time and place, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the decedent as is necessary for the purposes aforesaid.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition be given by publishing a copy of this order for four successive weeks next before the time so appointed, in THE YOLO DEMOCRAT, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said county.

March 20th, 1878.

E. R. BUSH, Probate Judge.

(Endorsed.) Filed March 20th, 1878.

D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

By JAS. C. HARLAN, Deputy.

Attest: A true copy.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

By JAS. C. HARLAN, Deputy.

F. E. BAKER, Attorney for the said Administratrix. mh21t4

Summons.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Sixth Judicial District, State of California, County of Yolo.

JOSEPH MELVIN, Executor of the Estate of J. C. MELVIN, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL J. KEEFHOVEN, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to SAMUEL J. KEEFHOVEN:

You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint of JOSEPH MELVIN, Executor of the Estate of J. C. MELVIN in said Court filed against you within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial District, within twenty days; but if served on you without said District, then in forty days from such service, exclusive of the day of service, in an action commenced on the Fifth day of March, 1878, in said Court.

Said action is brought to recover judgment against said Defendant for the sum of Nine hundred and eighty-two and one-half (982.50) Dollars balance due on a certain promissory note executed by Defendant to J. C. MELVIN with interest thereon from this date at the rate of 1¼ per cent. per month, and for costs of suit, all of which will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as directed, Plaintiff will take default and apply to the Court for the relief demanded and judgment for the sum of $982.50 and costs of suit.

In testimony whereof, I, D. M. BURNS, Clerk of the Sixth Judicial District Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the Seal of said Court, at office in Woodland, this Fifth day of March, A.D. 1878.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.

J. C. BALL, Attorney for Plaintiff. mh7w2m

Certificate of Partnership.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, B. HAGAN and I. MANHEIM, do hereby certify and declare that we constitute a partnership under the name and style of HAGAN & MANHEIM, that the full names of all the persons interested as partners are BENJAMIN HAGAN and ISAAC MANHEIM, both residents of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and that the business conducted and carried on by said partnership is that of General Commission and Merchandise, and that its principal place of business is in the town of Davisville, county of Yolo, State of California.

Witness our hands this 15th day of March, A. D. Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Eight

BENJAMIN HAGAN,

ISAAC MANHEIM.

Duly acknowledged before me this 15th day of March, 1878. JAMES ONEAL, Notary Public.

Filed for record this 20th day of March, 1878, at fifteen minutes past 8 o'clock A.M.

R. W. MEGOWAN, Recorder.

By J. D. LAWSON, Deputy. mh28w5t

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Jesse Goodson, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of JESSE GOODSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the office of J. C. BALL, Esq'r, at Woodland, in the county of Yolo, State of California.

Dated, March 14th, 1878.

CAROLINE GOODSON, Administratrix.

J. C. BALL, Attorney. mh14w5t

$66 A WEEK in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. mh14dmwly

How a Mere Girl Managed It.

Mr. Matthew Strathen is a dealer in dry goods, who resides in Thirty-second street. A very comfortable man is Mr. Strathen, or rather he was a comfortable man. He has or had a nice business, and up to the terrific downfall of Jay Cooke, in 1873, he was counted a well-to-do, entirely safe and sound man of business. His paper was good, he owned the elegant house he lived in, and altogether had no reason to complain of the world, for it had used him well indeed.

Mr. Strathen was a widower, with one daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen who had more lovers than was either convenient or economical. The reputation of the father for financial solidity, as well as the charms of the girl herself, brought young men about her as plentifully as flies about a molasses cask, and some of them were quite as persistent. The only other inmate of Mr. Strathen's house was a sister of his deceased wife, a widow of perhaps fifty, some five years the senior of Mr. Strathen, who acted partly as housekeeper and partly as the guardian and guide of the young girl.

There were a number of young men whom Mr. Strathen would have been satisfied to have his daughter wed, but the sweet Mary did not fancy any of them. On the contrary, the more the father desired her to like them, the more she despised them, and the consequence was a constant feud in the house between the father on the one side, and the daughter and aunt on the other. It came to the point that, one morning, after a heated discussion, Mr. Strathen ordered his sister-in-law to leave the house, which she mildly but firmly declined to do.

"Matthew," was her reply, "I shall not go. Who would care for your daughter and your shirts? There are duties in life which cannot be avoided or neglected."

Imagine the rage of the irascible Mr. Strathen when he discovered one day that the reason why Miss Mary was so averse to the men of his choice, was because she was already in love and had been for a year, and with his own bookkeeper, a man whom though he had tolerated at his house, he never supposed had the audacity to aspire to any alliance with his family. In a whirlwind, cyclone of rage he rushed to his store and forbade him the house, and what was quite as bad, dismissed him from his employment at once.

Mr. Leyick was in a frame of mind. He had not saved a dollar, and was actually in arrears for board, and not to be permitted to see the object of his adoration—altogether he very properly concluded that it was too much. But he did see her, though; they met at a restaurant, and over an ice which she paid for, held long and sweet converse. There was no profit on their refreshment, for the gas they burned during that long sitting amounted to more in cost than what they ate.

The next morning the father who had suspected his daughter of clandestinely meeting her lover, asked her to confirm or dissipate his suspicions. She was not born on the 22d of February, but nevertheless she could not tell a lie.

"I did see him last night," was her answer, "I have seen him many times and shall see him many times more. My heart is fixed on Henry, and it can't be unfixed."

Then Mr. Strathen raved, and would have torn his hair, if he had had any.

"I am on the verge of bankruptcy," he remarked. "If I can't raise $20,000 tomorrow, I am gone in. Young Thompson, young Brown, or any one of a half dozen of those who are asking you every day would help me out, if you would accept them, and if they didn't and I have to go, they would at least take decent care of me, for your sake. In the face of this you persist in throwing yourself away on that beggar, and permitting me to go to the wall. It is too bad."

Then Mary's face lighted up, and her eyes flashed with joy.

"Papa, go to your store, I will save you!"

"You! pshaw."

And he put on his overcoat and hat and walked gloomily away.

"Aunty, dear," said Mary, the moment the old gentleman was out of the house, "you have money!"

"I have, my child. My late husband was a very successful and prudent man, and I have not squandered what he left me."

"Aunty, dear, lend me $20,000. I will see that you have it back with interest. Then I can make papa relent."

The widow pondered a moment.

"Mary, dear, I won't lend you the money, but I think I can extricate your father, and save you also. Send for him at once."

Mr. Strathen returned in a most desperate mood, for things were looking no better for him. Mary left the room as her aunt desired, and the widow commenced:

"Matthew, it is cruel for you to keep those two young hearts apart. It is cruel."

"Bother the two young hearts. What I want now is $20,000."

"Matthew, if I should lend you the money you so sorely need would you give your consent to their union?"

"Indeed I would and gladly."

"Matthew, when Mary is married and gone from you, don't you think your solitude here in this house would be something appalling?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. If I, in my present condition, lend you this money, I should, as a matter of course, exact mortgages and things of that nature, which is expensive, tedious, and, as between you and I, not altogether the thing. Don't you think that if at the same time Henry and Mary are married, you and I should—well, the same minister could perform the ceremony, and it could all be got out of the way at once, quietly and without worry. Do you comprehend?"

Mr. Strathen did comprehend, and he yielded a glad assent, and rejoiced at his easy deliverance from his great trouble. And the widow did give him the money and the two couples were, last Saturday, united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and are, up to present writing, as happy as grigs. Henry is back in his old place, only he has an interest in the business, which he deserves, for he is a very proper young man.

All of which goes to show that no man is a match for a young girl and a widow, provided the widow has money and the man is in debt.

SUSPICIONS amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds—they ever fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be well guarded, for they cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check business. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain. They are but buzzes, but, if artificially nourished, have stings.—*Bacon.*

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

Senate.

BILLS INTRODUCED.—For the protection of homestead settlers on public lands.

To repeal the pre-emption laws and provide for the sale of timber on the public lands.

BILLS PASSED.—House bill making appropriations for fortifications and other works of defence, and for the armament thereof, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879. [The bill appropriates $275,000 for fortifications, the armament thereof and torpedoes.]

Senate bill to prohibit members of Congress from becoming sureties on certain bonds.

Senate bill to amend section 2,464 of the Revised Statutes, relating to the cultivation of timber on the public domain.

RESOLUTION INTRODUCED.—Joint resolution disapproving of the Act of the Territory of Arizona, granting a charter to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, passed on the 7th of February, 1877.

That the President is hereby requested to communicate to the Senate, if not incompatible, etc., such information as the Government has received respecting the terms and conditions under which the surrender of Cuban insurgents has been made, together with such other information in his possession respecting the future policy of Spain in the Government of the Island of Cuba.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The President announced his signature of the bill in aid of the Polar Expedition, designed by James Gordon Bennett.

Spencer submitted an amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, as follows: Provided, that before any part of the appropriation provided for in this Act shall become available, appointments in consular and diplomatic service shall be so arranged as to be equally distributed between the several States of the United States, the Territories and the District of Columbia, according to population.

Sargent submitted several amendments to the bill to organize the Life Saving and Coast Guard Service, and it was ordered that they be printed and lie on the table. [The amendments provide that the Secretary of the Navy may accept the services of volunteer crews at any Life Saving station, who shall be subject when on duty to the rules and regulations of the service. They also provide for the drill of such volunteers once each month, and each man shall receive $3 per day for such drill, and in case of a wreck, where said volunteers are instrumental in saving, they shall each receive $10; or where engaged in saving property they shall receive $5 each for each day employed. Another amendment provides for the care of property saved, its delivery to owners, etc.]

House.

BILLS INTRODUCED.—Granting pensions to soldiers who enlisted out of prisons.

For the payment of certain Southern mail contractors. This bill provides that no claims shall be paid which have heretofore been paid by the Confederate Government.

Granting alternate sections of land to the State of Mississippi to aid in the construction of the Ship Island, Ripley and Kentucky Railroad.

For the appointment of a commission to ascertain on what terms a treaty of commerce with Mexico can be arranged.

Relating to telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign countries.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing that the President shall be elected by direct vote of the people.

Repealing the law appropriating $375,000 for the payment of certain Southern mail contractors.

For the erection of a monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson.

For the reorganization of the Life Saving Service.

To establish postal savings depositories as branches of the Post Office Department, and to aid in refunding the interest bearing indebtedness of the United States.

Providing for the organization of a Mississippi Improvement Committee.

BILLS PASSED.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill. The amount appropriated is $14,048,684.

Clymer explained the bill. It had been agreed to unanimously by the Committee on Appropriations. The appropriations recommended by it were $1,500,000 less than last year, including deficiencies, and 2,000,000 less than the estimates for the next fiscal year.

Willis, of New York, offered an amendment reducing the pay of midshipmen $200. Lost.

Willis also moved to reduce the number of Navy Chaplains from 24 to 14. Rejected.

The provision appropriating $1,500,000 for the preservation of vessels on stocks and in ordinary having been reached, Danford moved to increase the amount to $2,500,000. Rejected.

The Committee rose and reported the bill unamended, and it was passed.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED.—Providing that in advertising of mail contracts, notices shall be published in a brief form in one or more papers in each State interested, and that all details shall be furnished by the Second Assistant Postmaster General on application.

An amendment was adopted forbidding sub-letting under the penalty of termination of contract. One member said a contractor had testified before the Postal Committee that he had four contracts; for one he received $45,000, and sub-let it, paying only $15,000. Thus were the people robbed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Garland reported favorably on Senate bill to disprove and annul the Act of the Legislative Assembly of New Mexico, passed over the Governor's veto, to incorporate the Society of Jesuit Fathers of New Mexico.

Springer moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill authorizing the coinage of silver on the same terms as the coinage of gold, without expense to the holder of bullion; and also authorizing the issue of coin certificates on deposit of silver bullion, similar to those now authorized on the deposit of gold bullion. On a *viva voce* vote, the ayes were in a decided minority, but before the vote of yeas and nays could be taken the House, under the rule, proceeded to consideration of business of the District of Columbia.

Washington Notes.

THE resolutions of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce protesting against the abolition of trade dollars were received and presented by members of the California Delegation. They were, however, forestalled by Davis's argument, and the consequent action of the House Committee in reporting a bill which provides for a continuance of the coinage of trade dollars, with the limitation suggested by Davis, limiting the maximum amount to $9,000,000 per annum, and expressly restricting their use to purposes of export. The bill does not prescribe what safeguard shall be employed to prevent domestic circulation of the dollars, but simply empowers the Secretary of the Treasury to make such regulations as he may deem necessary.

THE Secretary of the Navy has informed Senator Sargent that he has definitely concluded to establish a rolling-mill at Mare Island Navy Yard, to utilize the scrap iron about the Yard, of which there are several thousand tons capable of being converted into excellent bar iron, etc. Secretary Thompson intends to devote to this purpose a portion of the funds provided by the General Appropriation bill which has passed the House. He expects, however, that Congress will make a special grant this season of $3,000,000 to be expended for the permanent improvement of the navy in the construction of new ships.

THE House Committee on Pensions has agreed to report the bill allowing pensions of $72 per month to soldiers having lost both eyes, both hands or both feet, and $24 per month to those having lost one eye, one hand, and one foot.

THE death of Judge Leonard in Cuba will be investigated, rumors being afloat that he was poisoned by Cubans.

THE Senate Committee on Territories has agreed to report for passage a joint resolution to disapprove and annul an act of the Arizona Legislature, granting a charter and sundry special privileges to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California. The preamble of the joint resolution declares that the territorial government, in passing the act, exceeded its organic powers.

THE Committee of Thirteen, appointed by the last Democratic House caucus to revise the Army Reorganization bill, have completed their work and will report next week. The bill is essentially the same as that heretofore proposed by Representative Banning, and which he proposes to make a party measure.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

[Quotations, unless otherwise specified, represent receivers' prices in lots, marketed on wharf or from store.]

FLOUR.—The export demand continues good, and mills here met the market at fuller rates. Oregon brands are not in demand for the Chinese trade, hence they are always quotable far below city brands in round lots; recent sales to dealers in lots on wharf at quotations annexed. The following quotations are understood to be for consigned lots, or round lots from the mill, payable in gold coin; for jobbers' rates, silver, add about 50c.

Superfine, $4 50@$4 75; shipping extras, $5 00@$5 50; standard extras, $5 50@$6 00; Oregon standard extras, $5 25@$5 37½.

WHEAT was more active and stronger, and advanced fully 5c per ctl. early, owing to the revived war news, and lessened Southern Russia supplies coming into English consumptive ports, but the general market, both here and abroad, shows the same old cautious policy, and at this writing higher prices and firm holding has checked the demand all round. Millers have taken a back seat, and the tendency, without further exciting news from abroad, is toward lower prices; about last quoted rates—say 5c lower than to-day's prices. The market runs so very spasmodic, uncertain, confused in its motion, that one finds difficulty to determine the situation. The surplus crop to be marketed is small for exports, including Oregon—say 30,000@35,000 tons.

We quote good to choice milling, $1 95@$2 00; superfine, $1 85@$1 90; shipping, $1 90; low grades, $1 70@$1 80.

BARLEY.—There are more sellers as the market advances—some pushed for sale—and the market is very weak.

We quote bay feed, $1 25@$1 30; coast feed, $1 15@$1 25 (all gold); brewing nominal—$1 30@$1 40.

CORN.—The Mexican demand continues; milling demand slow, but holders are firm, with orders from Mexico on the market aggregating 4,000 sacks; upon these orders the market hinges only; any cessation and lower ates will follow.

We quote large yellow, $1 55@$1 57½; large white, $1 90; small round yellow, $1 80@$1 85; white, $1 90@$2 00.

OATS.—We have had a very light scale of receipts for the past two or three weeks, and in consequence holders have advanced their views somewhat on prices; but the demand is necessities only, and the market is not quotably higher, but firmer. Higher prices may follow, but all consumers purchasing sparingly shows that there is a want of confidence. We think choice will do better, and medium to good grades sell at full rates quoted.

We quote milling at $1 60@$1 70; good to choice feed, $1 45@$1 55; ordinary feed, $1 35@$1 40.

WOOL.—Eastern buyers are here in goodly numbers, but few spring clip lots received as yet. There can be no price quoted as yet, or even conjectures satisfactorily published until spasmodic uncertainties regarding the amount of the clip to be marketed, condition thereof, and the confused notions, ideas, etc., of both the selling and buying interest, will have met on more equitable terms than at present indicated. Our Wool growers have pretty lofty ideas. Eastern manufacturers and dealers have learned some wisdom during their recent experience in the trade with this and other markets, and are not disposed to operate speculatively. The general outlook for Wool the world over, particularly the United States, more especially California, as relating to values of the latter cannot yet be defined. The ship Seminole, in the last freight line, is now on berth, and sales of fall Wool have been made and are making at say 8½@10½c for heavy and burry southern. Mountain, all sorts nondescript to fair goods, quotable at 12@14c; probably 300 bales of this class of goods remaining unsold, after deducting 195 bales very medium, heavy, and well sold recently at 13½c, understood to go on board Seminole with other considerable lots. About 200 bales Colusa Wool here, held at 14c; buyer wanted.

HOPS.—There is little or no business doing; nominal quotations—California, 6@8c; Oregon, 5@7c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Receivers of Butter are trying to clean up stock from day to day, but the demand is small and stocks on the increase. Really choice, crisp, high-flavored Butter sells quick. Cheese is more plentiful and lower; soft tendency. Eggs—movement in and out is very large; deliveries from the East and Omaha for the past 10 days aggregate 40,000 doz. The constituent value of Eggs (especially at current rates), as compared with meat (even at the low rates now current for meats), and their highly organized soluble and easily assimilated condition once understood among the masses, and their use as an article of food, will have greatly increased; then, again, they save all qualms of conscience to flesh-eaters.

We quote: California choice fresh roll Butter, 21@23c; fair to good roll, 17@20c; Cheese—California, 14@15c; Western Cheese, 18@20c ₩ lb; California Eggs, 22@23c ₩ doz; Eastern, 18@20c.

PROVISIONS.—Eastern Hams, Lard and Bacon—the latter heavy; Bacon sent here to be smoked is pushed for sale; supply here and in the East large. California plain Hams, 10@11c; Eastern Hams, 10½@12c; California Lard, 10@12c; Eastern do, 13¼@14c; California Bacon, 12@14c; Eastern Bacon, 11@12c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₩ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ₩ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork, ₩ bbl, $22 00@$24 00.

SALT AND SMOKED FISH.—Salmon in bbl, $9 00@$11 00; do hf bbl, $6 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Salmon, 1-lb tins, $1 30@$1 35; Cod, Pacific, bdls, 6¼@6½c ₩ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod, boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ₩ lb; Georges' Cod, 9c ₩ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00@$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

POULTRY.—We quote: Turkeys, dressed, ₩ lb, 15@20c; Turkeys, alive, 18@21c; Hens, ₩ doz, $7 50@$9 50; Roosters, ₩ doz, $8 50@$10 00; Broilers, ₩ doz, $7 00@$8 00; Ducks, ₩ doz, $9 00@$11 00; Geese, ₩ pair, $2 25@$2 75.

FRUIT, GREEN.—The supply of Apples is light; market tones strong. Dealers having choice stock about make their own price.

We quote: Apples, ₩ box, $1 25@$3 00; Bananas, $1 50@$4 00 ₩ bunch; Limes, Mexican, $10 00@$12 50; Limes, California, $5 00@$6 00 ₩ M; Loreto Oranges, $30 00; California Oranges, $20 00@$35 00.

FRUIT, DRIED.—We quote: Apples, quartered, at 3½@5½c ₩ lb; Apples, sliced, 6@8c; Peaches, 7@9c; Plums, California, pitted, 14@17c; Plums, Oregon, 11@14c; Raisins, $1 00@$2 00.

NUTS.—Almonds, 8c for hard and 14@16c for soft shell; Brazil, 12½@14c; Filberts, 12½@15c; Hickory, 10@11c; Pecan, 10@14c; Chile Walnuts, 10@11c; California Walnuts 8@10c; California Peanuts, 5@7c ₩ lb; Cocoanuts, $5 00@$8 00 ₩ hundred.

POTATOES AND ONIONS.—Potatoes—The market position is good, but not so buoyant as some would have us believe; high prices go into every corner for supplies, and then consumption sums up smaller; latterly deliveries large. Onions abundant, poor quality and extremely dull; choice wanted, $1 25.

We quote: Potatoes, Early Rose, ₩ 100 lbs, $2 20@$2 40; other grades, $2 00@$2 25; Oregon, ₩ 100 lbs, $2 00@$2 15. Onions, Silver Skins, ₩ 100 lbs, 50@90c.

BEANS.—Jobbers are holding prices quite firm.

We quote as follows (gold coin): Bayo, $4 00@$4 25; small White, $2 75@$3 00; Pea, $3 00@$3 25; Pink, $4 00; Red, —; large Butter, $2 90@$3 00; medium do, $2 65@$2 85; Limas, $3 75; Pink, $3 80@$4 00.

MEATS AND LIVE STOCK.—Beef little more plentiful; hence easier prices. Mutton abundant and weak at the decline noted. Lamb steady. Veal not plenty.

We quote: Beef, first quality, 7½@8c; second do, 6½@7½c; third do, 4@6c; Veal, small, 8@9c; do large, 6@7c; Mutton, 4@6c; Lamb, 10@15c; Hogs, as in quality, 6@7c ₩ lb.

CORNMEAL.—Fine kinds, for the table, 2½@3c ₩ lb; coarse kinds for feed, $36 00@$37 00 ₩ ton.

HIDES, SKINS AND TALLOW.—Dry Hides, over 16 lbs, 16c; Dry Hides, Kip and Calf, 12½@13c; wet salted, 7½@8c. Plump, heavy Steer, 8½@9c. Sheep Skins, dull, 30@90cas to quality. Tallow, 6@7c.

BRAN AND MIDDLINGS.—The wharf price of Bran is $16 00 ₩ ton; for Middlings, $22 00.

BEESWAX.—Quotable at 30@32c; scarce and wanted.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote hay $12 00@$16 00 ₩ ton; market steady. Straw, 60@80c.

BAGS AND BAGGING.—We quote: Machine-sewed, 22x36, 10½c; Hand-sewed, 22x36, 10½c; Standard Gunnies, 13@14c; Wool Sacks, 4 lbs, 52½c; Wool Sacks, 3½ lbs, 47½@50c.

A Suggestion to the Traveling Public.

Tourists, emigrants and mariners find that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard against unhealthful influences, upon which they can implicitly rely, since it prevents the effects that an unhealthy climate, vitiated atmosphere, unaccustomed or unwholesome diet, bad water, or other conditions unfavorable to health would otherwise produce. On long voyages, or journeys by land in latitudes adjacent to the equator, it is especially useful as a preventive of the febrile complaints and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zones sojourning or traveling in such regions, and it is an excellent protection against the influence of extreme cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents intermittent and remittent fever, and other diseases of a malarial type, but eradicates them, a fact which has been notorious for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia and other countries.

The Wool Trade

OUR COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

MOODY & FARISH.

In looking through the business interests of our city it is our aim to select only first-class houses for representation in these columns. There is a branch of industry that has heretofore escaped our notice, and that is the wool trade; but we shall endeavor to make this omission good, and with that end in view have selected the first-class firm of Moody & Farish, of No. 210 Davis street, San Francisco. They are wool commission merchants, and it is one of the leading houses in its line on the coast, and whose transactions cover the entire range here. They also carry such needed articles in stock pertaining to the wool trade, such as wool bags, twine, sheep shears, sheep washes and tobacco. The location of the firm is a good one and one for business convenience. The business of the year just closed has been a prosperous one, their business having increased notwithstanding the dullness of other trades. This has been brought about by adhering to strict business principles, consulting always the best interests of their consignors, selling when the market justifies it at full value. Their facilities for the disposition of wool either in this or any of the Eastern markets are perfect, and a large proportion of the clip of the coast is annually passed through their hands to the satisfaction of their numerous patrons from Prescott, Arizona, to San Juan Island, Washington Territory. This is the oldest house connected with the wool trade on the coast, and is of large experience in their line and high standing in commercial circles. To our friends we confidently commend this firm.—*S. F. Commercial.*

Newark.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Newark lands to be found in another column, which are to be sold by auction by Maurice Dore & Co., San Francisco, on Monday, April 22, 1878, on a liberal credit. The lands are near San Francisco and will greatly increase in value.

PHYSICIANS of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. $1.50 per bottle.

WANTED.—A good Agent in every city, town and village in the United States, to take subscriptions for the COMMERCIAL ADVOCATE. Good inducements will be offered. Write for terms and full particulars. Address COMMERCIAL ADVOCATE, 526 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HERBINE purifies the blood.

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HERBINE should be in the hands of every first-class druggist. Ask your druggist for it, and if he has none, tell him to order a dozen bottles.

J. W. SHAEFFER & CO'S GREEN SEAL CIGARS are made from finest Havana Tobacco. 323 Sacramento st., San Francisco.

North American Life Insurance Company.

The undersigned having established special facilities with his brother, H. M. Munsell, of New York, (who is well known in insurance circles throughout the Eastern country), for presenting and collecting claims against life insurance companies in liquidation, calls attention of policy holders to the following important points:

1st. That in attending to this business, we act as the agents and brokers of our patrons; guarding their rights and interests, and we in nowise act for or in the interest of the companies.

2d. That on the 1st instant the Receiver of said company published a demand that all policies be filed forthwith.

3d. That in order to protect the interests of claimants, policies must be filed as required by law in due season.

4th. That in order to protect the interests of claimants, policies should be properly valued by persons having experience in the life insurance business.

5th. That in all cases where non-registered paid up policies have been received in exchange for "registered policies," application should be made at once to the court to have such non-registered policies duly "registered" and restored to the standing of the original policy, because registered policies will receive about three times as much as non-registered policies.

6th. All claims will receive prompt attention, and parties who have already filed their claims can have the same attended to as above and collection made through this agency, final settlement being made with all at this office. Correspondence from the interior will receive prompt attention. JAMES MUNSELL, JR., 224 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

Purchasing Agency.

Any parties desirous of having goods purchased for them in San Francisco can do so by addressing Mrs. W. H. Ashley, who will send samples of goods for their inspection. To the *ladies* I would say that I have a first-class establishment for Dress-making, and am prepared to execute country orders with dispatch. Being engaged in business here I have the advantage of buying goods direct from the importers at wholesale, and would give my patrons the benefit of same. Goods purchased and sent C. O. D. Send for Circular. Address MRS. W. H. ASHLEY 120 Sutter street, Room 51, San Francisco.

CANARY BIRDS from $2 to $5, sent C. O. D. to any part of the country. Send for circulars to A. LOZIER, 413 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

ALL Photographs made at the New York Gallery, No. 25 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETERS, Proprietor.

PHOTOGRAPHS of superior finish at Morse's Palace of Art, 417 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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MONTGOMERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 227 Second st., San Francisco. 6 Meal Tickets, $1.

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DR. R. B. LEARN, DENTIST, has removed to 652 Market St., San Francisco, corner of Kearny—Dr. Chamberlain's old office.

SEND FOR IT! HOWARD WATCH, 18 Karat Cases, $75, worth $135. Silver Stem-winding Elgin, $20. At H. MYERS & SON'S Loan Office, 227, 233 and 408 Kearny st., S.F.

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A FEW FIRST-CLASS AGENTS CAN HEAR OF an opportunity to engage in a light, pleasant and money-making business by applying immediately or sending for circulars to RIEGLE BROS., 234 Post Street, San Francisco.

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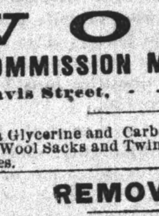
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DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS. WEIGHTS, CORD, PULLEY, &c. For Circulars and further information address E. H. KITTREDGE & CO., 26 and 28 California St., S. F.



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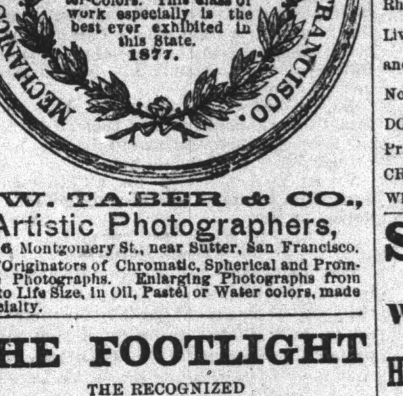
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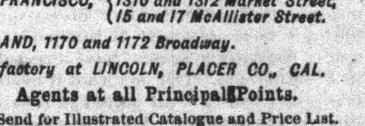
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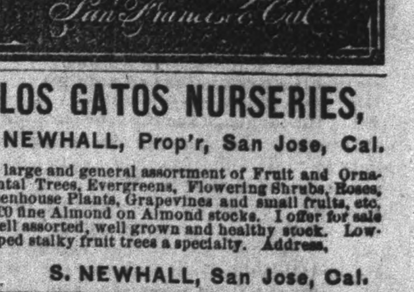
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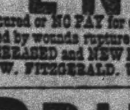
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Ancient Pottery.

Ancient pottery is found all over the world, and its study furnishes us with a good idea of the arts and industries of very early times. The excavations and discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ and Troas have brought to light many interesting and valuable relics of the potter's art in the earliest historic times, while the pottery found in the Swiss lacustrine villages, in the Belgian caves and the mounds of the Mississippi Valley, furnishes us with almost the only testimony concerning the nameless people who fashioned them.

Di Cesnola's interesting collection of Cypriote antiquities, which is now the property of the New York Metropolitan Museum, furnishes the students of ceramics with the connecting link between the Egyptian and Greek schools, the earlier pieces being rude and expressionless, while, as the Greek influence prevailed, the clay images of gods and heroes took on a more beautiful aspect.

Egypt seems to have been the land where the making of pottery first rose to the rank of an art. The nature of the country, shut off from the rest of the world by an impassable desert and a dangerous sea, rendered it specially suited to the peaceful arts. Secure from invasion or interference, the potters here made a fine earthenware, often highly colored, and even produced a sort of porcelain, long before its discovery or adoption by the Chinese.

From Egypt the art was carried to Greece by the Phœnecian navigators and merchants, and in Greece it attained to a very great perfection; indeed, no work in unglazed pottery has been produced since their time which can rival the masterpieces of the Greek artists. From Greece the art was carried to Rome by Greek workmen, but here the work soon became inferior. The Romans also made and exported largely a red stoneware called Samian; but from this time the potter's art in Europe was at a standstill until the fifteenth century, when it received another influx of Oriental art, this time from the Moors, who invaded Spain and planted there the manufacture of majolica, whence it was brought to Italy. About this time, too, Persian and Greek artists finding their way from Constantinople to Italy, had much influence on the rising school of potters. The majolica manufacture was at its best in Italy about the middle of the *cinque cento*, or fifteenth century, when the ducal patronage declined at Urbino and Gubbio, families of potters removed to Rome and Venice, where the manufacture was long continued, though the ware was not kept up to the old standard; others immigrating to France and Holland laid the foundation of the faienceries of Monstiers, Nevers, Rouen and Delft. These wares are only modifications of the Italian Majolica, such changes being made as were rendered necessary by the difference in the clays and glazes that were at hand.

Just at this time we find another powerful influence at work upon ceramic art, which shortly was to revolutionize both the manufacture and decoration. I refer to the effects produced upon ceramic art in Europe by the importation of Chinese porcelain by Portuguese and Dutch traders. These pieces, bold in design and original in conception, coming at a time when every one was tiring of the Italian-classic decorations, already much degenerated, were largely copied in the various potteries. Indeed Delft, which from its geographical position was the first pottery to feel the Oriental influence, has since worked almost exclusively in Chinese designs; and of the English potteries, Lowestoft has made such good imitations of Chinese ware that some critics hold that they are genuine Chinese porcelain, and merely decorated at Lowestoft. The Worcester factory, and indeed to a greater or less extent, almost all the English factories use Chinese designs in the shape and ornamentation of their ware.

Great as has been the influence of Chinese ideas in the decoration of pottery, this is of small moment compared with the revolution wrought in its manufacture by the attempts of Europeans to discover the true porcelain. In 1581 the Duke Francis-di-Medici succeeded at his laboratory in Florence in producing the first true porcelain ever made in Europe. This was a heavy, coarse ware, of a bluish cast, some pieces of which, exhibited at the Centennial, were there identified by a Japanese connoissuer as of a distinctively Japanese decoration, and of a style in vogue in the early part of the sixteenth century. A soft-paste porcelain was made at St. Cloud in 1698; this was the origin of the Sevres manufacture. About 1710 Bottcher discovered the secret of the Oriental porcelain, and the manufacture has been continued at Meissen until the present time. But despite all the precautions taken, the secret processes were applied in other factories scattered over Germany. The discovery of a large bed of clay near Limoges, in the south of France, caused that city to become the seat of a large and flourishing manufacture The English made very little of the hard porcelain, but they invented porcelain containing glass and calcined bones, which is easier of manufacture than the true soft-paste, and decorates better than the hard paste, thus combining to a degree the advantages of both.

We have seen that most of the progress made in ceramic art in Europe is directly traceable to Oriental influence. It is this fact which gives to the study of Eastern art a great importance, outside of the interest naturally awakened by its picturesque style and excellent technique. Lately Japanese pottery is more studied and sought for than that of their continental neighbors, but, although more pleasing, it is less original than the Chinese. Moreover, the Japanese acknowledge having learned the potter's art in China, and there is every reason to credit that statement. It is among the Chinese that this art has been preserved and perfected for so many centuries, but whether they raised it themselves from that rude state in which it has been common to all peoples, or received it in some greater or less degree of perfection from their Western neighbors, we can only guess. Chinese tradition has it that the art was taught them by the Coreans. The Chinese place the discovery or introduction of pottery at about the beginning of the Christian era, and they would naturally wish to make the art appear as ancient as possible. But long before this time Assyria and Babylon had brought pottery to the rank of a fine art, and pieces of their enameled earthenware have been found of a very rich color, while thousands of years before Christ the Egyptians had made a sort of porcelain, besides earthenware of considerable excellence. There was, therefore, plenty of time for the art of Egypt to have travelled through Persia and India to China, but whether such a movement or whether either or both of these countries received the rudiments of their art from the older nations of India, can only be a matter of conjecture.—*Chicago Herald.*

Miss Malony on the Chinese Question.

Och! don't be talkin'. *Is it howld on you say?* An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nigger, for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry!—to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks), an' is it meself, with five good characters from respectable places in New York, would be herdin' wid the haythens here in San Francisco? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the greenhorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missis kim into the kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfere wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurrill brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missis walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, misthrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stood a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yaller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra a stitch was on him, but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shaved cleaner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up stairs before you could turn about, a-givin' the missis warnin,' and only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens, and taich 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blessed thing cud I do, but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missis a larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some blue stuff, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp you'd be surprised, an' ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen, and he a-atin' wid drum sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago comes Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder, squirt it through his teeth stret over the best linen tablecloth, and fold it up tight as innercent as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doing till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've been in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind? that haythen would do the same thing after me, wheniver the missis set him to parin' apples or termaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a cup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and, put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blanket, and how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this bleessed Sathnrday morn, the missis was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but jinst haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not, where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I a spachless wid shurprise, and he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty?" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says *she*. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's *you* ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warin' an' left that instant, an' she a-youtin' to the doore. —*S. M.*

A MAN near Pittsburgh, Pa., recently advertised for a bookkeeper, and within twenty-four hours he had one hundred and thirteen applicants for the position. Subsequently he sought a man for his farm by the same means, and had eight responses. These figures represent very fairly the disproportion of laborers in the various industrial pursuits. There are men needed in abundance for agriculture and other manual labor, but when a young fellow is able to write a fair hand, and balance the day's transactions in a country store, he feels above the farm, the anvil, or the bench. This is all wrong, and is of a piece with the other inflated notions that prevail.

"HERE'S my wife and I," said a husband, with much complacency, to his silver-wedding guests, "who have been married five-and-twenty years, and in all that time haven't had a single unkind word with each other." "By Jove!" exclaimed one of the guests, "what a stupid time you must have had of it."

The Canary That Talked Too Much.

Annette's canary-bird's cage, with th canary in it, was brought into the library and hung upon a hook beside the window.

Out popped a mouse from a hole behind the book-case.

"Why, what are *you* doing here, canary?" she said. "I thought *your* place was the bay-window in the dining-room."

"So it is—so it is!" beginning with a twitter, answered the canary; "but they said I talked too much!"—ending with a trill.

"Talked!" repeated the mouse, sitting up on her hind-legs and looking earnestly at him. "I thought *you* only sang!"

"Well, singing and talking mean about the same thing in bird-language," said the canary. "But goodness g-r-r-racious!" he went on, swinging rapidly to and fro in his little swing at the top of his cage, "'twas they that talked so much—my mistress and the doctor's wife, and the doctor's sister—not me. I said scarcely aword, and yet I am called a chatterbox, and punished—before company, too! I feel mad enough to pull out my yellowest feathers, or upset my bath-tub. Now, you look like a sensible little thing, mouse, and I'll tell you all about it—what they said and what I said—and you shall judge if I deserved to be banished.

"The doctor's wife and the doctor's sister called.

"'It's a lovely day!' said they.

"'A lovely, lovely, lovely day!' sang I. 'The sun shines bright—the sky is blue—the grass is green—yes, lovely, lovely, lovely—and I'm happy, happy, happy, and glad, glad, glad!'

"They went right on talking, though I sang my very best, without paying the slightest attention to me; and when I stopped, I caught the words 'So sweet' from my mistress, and then I sang again: 'Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet is the clover—sweet is the rose—sweet the song of the bird—sweet the bird—sweet the clover—sweet the rose—the rose—the clover—the bird—yes, yes, yes—sweet, sweet, sweet!' And as I paused to take breath, I heard some one say, 'What a noise that bird makes! how loudly he sings!' 'How loudly he sings!' repeated I, 'how loudly he sings!—the bird, the bird, the beautiful bird—sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet ——' But suddenly my song ended, for my mistress got up, unhooked my cage, saying, 'Canary, you're a chatterbox; you talk too much,' and brought me in here.

"And really, mouse, as you must see, I didn't say more than a dozen or so words. What do you think about it?"

"Well," said the mouse, stroking her whiskers and speaking slowly, "you *didn't say* much, but it strikes me you talked a great deal."

"Oh!" said the canary, putting his head on one side and looking thoughtfully at her out of his right, bright, black, round eye. But just then the mouse heard an approaching footstep, and, without even saying "good-bye," she hurried away to the hole behind the book-case.—*St. Nicholas.*

TWENTY IMPOLITE THINGS.—1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Talking when others are reading.
4. Cutting finger nails in company.
5. Joking others in company.
6. Gazing rudely at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. Making yourself hero of your own story.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
11. Leaving church before worship is closed.
12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
13. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
16. Not listening to what one is saying in company.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

WEBSTER AND HAYNE.—Webster once told his friend Harvey that several years before the great debate with Hayne he had investigated the whole subject of the public lands for the purpose of opposing a resolution of Mr. McKinley, a Senator from Alabama, proposing to cede the public domain to the States in which they were situated. The question never came up, and Mr. Webster said: "I had my notes tucked away in a pigeon-hole, and when Hayne made that attack upon me and upon New England, I was already posted, and only had to take down my notes and refresh my memory. In other words," said Mr. Webster, "if he had tried to make a speech to fit my notes he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired with the occasion. I never was." Of the many anecdotes about what took place between Mr. Hayne and Mr. Webster afterward, Mr. Harvey says were many stories which Mr. Webster characterized as untrue, but he vouches for the following: Mr. Webster met Mr. Hayne that night at the President's reception and, as he came up to him, Mr. Webster remarked pleasantly: "How are you to-night?" "None the better for you, sir," was the General's humorous reply.

BRAIN STIMULANT.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest—in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor; since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

THE cultivation of a heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.

An Indian's Headwork.

Joseph Dudley was appointed Governor of New England in 1686. Dudley was Governor only a few months. While occupying that position he was one day superintending the erection of a building upon a plantation which he owned in Roxbury, when his attention was attracted by a heavy-framed, middle-aged Indian, who stood idly looking on while the workmen were heaving up trusses for the roof. Though the weather—late in autumn—was uncomfortably cold, this Indian was very nearly naked, his muscular limbs shivering, and his teeth chattering as the chill blast struck him.

"Look you, my red son," said the Governor, addressing the Indian, "why do you not work as these men do, and earn some clothes to cover your body? Why do you stand here idle?"

"Ugh!" grunted the dusky aboriginal, "why you no work? What for you stand here idle?"

"I," replied Dudley, tapping his finger upon his forehead, "work with my head. There must be a head as well as hands—I do the headwork."

After reflecting for a while, the Indian asked what work the Governor had for him to do.

"I want a calf killed. If you will do it I will give you a shilling."

The fellow having had the calf pointed out to him killed it, and applied for his shilling.

"But why do you not skin it?" asked the employer.

"Ugh! Calf dead, Governor. Me kill um. Give me another shilling and I will skin and dress um."

This was done, and when the Indian had received his two shillings he went away to a tavern where he was not long in spending one of them for rum, after which he returned to the Governor, declaring that one of the shillings he had received was bad and that the keeper of the tavern would not take it. Dudley suspected the cheat, but gave him another shilling. A few hours later the fellow had the brazen impudence to come back and declare that the second shilling had also been worthless. The Governor knowing very well that the fellow was lying held his thoughts to himself and gave him yet another shilling, being resolved, however, that just punishment should be meted out. After thinking for some time he hit upon a plan. He sat down and wrote a letter to the keeper of the prison in Boston. In this letter he sat down the Indian's roguery, and directed that the bearer should be soundly flogged and shut up for a week in a dungeon.

A day or two after he met the dishonest Indian near the place where the builders were at work.

"Ah," said Governor Dudley, in a very pleasant mood, "you are just the man I want. I have a letter covering important business, which I wish to have carried to the keeper of the jail in Boston. If you will carry it to him I will give you half a crown."

The Indian said he would do the work punctually; and he took the letter and the half crown and set forth. At a short distance he met another Indian, who was a trusted and favorite servant of the Governor.

"Aha, William," cried the vagabond, evidently not liking the destination of his mission, "I have been looking for you. The Governor told me I should find you, and give you this letter, and tell you to carry it to Boston as quick as you can. It is big matter written in it."

The faithful servant took the letter which he saw to be in his master's hand, and hurried away.

At length the Governor missed his servant William, and while search was being made a messenger arriving from Boston, came from the missing servant, who was there held in durance.

The Governor's feelings can be imagined when he found his faithful servant with a sore back, locked up in prison; for the unsuspecting fellow had delivered the letter, and had got the flogging intended for another. The rascally Indian was not seen again about the Governor's premises, but some weeks later, at a meeting with the leading men of his tribe, he chanced to be present where Dudley saw and recognized him.

"Ah, you red rascal!" cried the Governor, "how dared you play me such a trick? You have cheated me of my money, and you put off work that I paid you for doing upon another. What do you mean?"

The Indian looked his accuser full and unblushingly in the face, and tapping his finger upon his forehead, said, with a significant nod:

"Oho, headwork, Governor! Me do headwork!"

Insect Talking.

"Two ants," says Buchner, "when they are talking together stand with their heads opposite each other, working their sensitive feelers in the liveliest manner, and tapping each other's heads." Numerous examples prove that they are able in this way to make mutual communications, and even on certain definite subjects. "I have often," says the English naturalist, Jesse, "placed a small, green caterpillar in the neighborhood of an ant's nest. It is immediately seized by an ant, which calls in the assistance of a friend after ineffectual efforts to drag the caterpillar into the nest.

"It can be clearly seen that the little creatures held a conversation by means of their feelers, and this being ended they repair together to the caterpillar in order to draw it into the nest by their united strength. Further, I have observed the meetings of ants to and from their nests. They stop, touch each other with their feelers, and appear to hold a conversation, which I have reason to suppose refers to the best ground for obtaining food."

Hague writes a letter to Darwin, that he one day killed with his finger a number of ants which came from a hole in the wall to some plants standing on the chimney piece. He had tried the effect of brushing them away, but it was of no use, and the consequence of the slaughter was that the ants who were on the way immediately turned back and tried to persuade their companions who were not yet aware of the danger to turn back also. A short conversation ensued between the ants, which, however, did not result in an immediate return, for those who had just left the nest first convinced themselves of the truth of the report.

A LITTLE Athol boy, guilty of some misconduct, upon being asked why he could be so naughty replied that he thought he was not doing anything very wrong. "That's no excuse," said his mother; "thinking doesn't help the matter much." "Well, mamma," said he, "what's the use of having a thinker, if you can't think."

THE long-armed woman is the present envy of society. She can wear a longer kid glove with more buttons.

Watching the Boiling Dumplings.

St. Sylvestre's "Night in Hungary" is one of the most romantic moments of the year. All sorts of superstitious beliefs are attached to this night. Maidens of all ranks and all ages throng to the shrine of the excellent saint, who is supposed to know all about the future husband of every unmarried lady of Christendom—a belief which costs him dear. If he hasn't been driven crazy long ago by the thousands of questions addressed to him on this one special night, at the moment when the clock strikes 12, he will surely become so now when the number of eligible husbands diminishes in the same degree as the number of unmarried ladies, eager to change their position, increases from year to year. As a civilized saint whose prestige has outlived that of a great number of his brethren, St Sylvestre gives his attention first of all to the saloons—that is, to those who should fill them, but who on this night prefer to follow the young people to the kitchen, where the young ladies are occupied in the manufacture of dumplings. Such a culinary exertion in elaborate evening dresses must have an important cause. The dumplings prepared by these delicate hands are no ordinary dumplings, whose destiny is to be eaten. Fate has chosen this simple farinaceous food to be the interpreter of its degrees. Every young lady of the company writes the names of all the eligible gentlemen of her acquaintance upon scraps of paper, which she hides in the dumplings, and at the moment when the clock strikes 12 she throws them into boiling water. Now, it is the habit of dumplings when sufficiently cooked to reappear on the surface of the water, and the first dumpling which reappears on St. Sylvestre's Eve contains the young lady's doom—that is, the name of her future husband. The second dumpling showing itself on the surface bears invariably the name of the happy lover's rival; while the third contains the name of the miserable creature who has been refused by the more or less fascinating lady. The screaming and laughing of the young people, the blushing and frowning on all those youthful faces at the moment when the boiling water sends up the first herald of matrimony, is such a pretty sight that it is not to be wondered at when the dumplings sometimes guess rightly.

A Pretty Singer.

The entertainment and delight of hearing a tiny bird sing a *real tune* must repay one for even the long pains-taking necessary to teach it such an accomplishment. Whether this kind of training always deprives the bird of the power to sing a natural song of its own, we do not know. If so, its single tune might possibly become monotonous. However, a tune-singing bird is a real wonder anywhere, and few melodies could sound sweeter in a canary's throat than "Life on the Ocean Wave." The Binghampton (N. Y.) *Times* says:

J. G. Christopher, a barber at Ballston Spa, is the possessor of a remarkable canary bird, the voice of which has been developed in a peculiarly painstaking manner, so that now this "educated" songster can successfully render the well-known air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The bird will commence to warble like any other of these pets, but after uttering a few notes will immediately strike into the tune, and when its voice has attained full height the above tune will be sung entire, and in a manner that sounds singularly melodious and attractive, literally setting to note its natural vocal powers.

This was also achieved after the most diligent and patient attention. As soon as the bird was old enough to pick up a living, it was put in a room apart from all others, and a music box also placed in the apartment that was kept perpetually going, repeating the one tune over and over again, so that this singular pupil had no other person to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship, the owner was rewarded by hearing this little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as naturally and perfectly as if that was the song of its ancestors.

"DIXIE."—When in 1857 Campbell's minstrels were at Mobile, Dan Emmet, one of the members of the company, heard the negroes sing an air and chorus while rolling cotton on the levee. He thought it good; so by a little alteration he arranged it into what is called a "Walk Around," which always winds up the entertainment of an Ethiopian concert. It was a success. In the spring of 1861, when the war broke out, Mrs. John Wood went to New Orleans to play an engagement at the Old Varieties theater. She produced *Pocahontas*. Near the close of the second act there is a Zouave march by the ladies of the *corps de ballet*. At the rehearsal of the piece the leader of the orchestra was in a quandary as to what music they would have. Carlo Patti (the leader), could not select anything that would suit the stage manager (T. B. McDonough), and the consequence was that the rehearsal came to a stand-still. At length Patti struck up "Dixie." It suited and was adopted, and was played with a chorus to the same air. "Dixie" took the town by storm; the pianos rang with it, the boys sang it and the negroes whistled it. A musician by the name of Romeo Minera arranged it for a march for the Washington Artillery Battery, and from that hour till now all Southern men and women hail it with delight. Cold must be the Southern heart that does not glow with delight at the sound of "Dixie." But the composer, Dan Emmet, what of him? Why, he can be found in a common variety saloon at Chicago now playing on his fiddle for a mere pittance, eking out a miserable subsistence playing "Dixie" to an admiring crowd of newspaper boys, roughs and beer-jerkers.

THE first reception of Secretary of State Evarts, given February 14th, was a brilliant and almost regal affair. The residence of Mr. Evarts, which is one of the largest and finest in Washington, was inadequate to accommodate the crowd of people, comprising the foreign ministers, heads of departments, and all the leaders of society, who packed its halls and chambers. The throng was so dense, that the line of people on the main stairway, waiting approach to the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Evarts, were detained a good part of an hour in traversing the distance from the entrance door to the reception room.

AN Irishman, fresh from the "old country," saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it out at arm's length, said: "Faith, and ye'd better loose the howlt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers!"

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At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.
No Chinese Cooks Employed
Free bus to and from all passenger trains.
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BROOKLYN HOTEL,
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PRICES.
Fancy Patterns, per yard.....50 cts
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Orders left at Porter's Store will be promptly attended to.
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ARNOLD & SCHROTH, Prop's.
These well known and popular mills have been thoroughly overhauled and repaired by the new proprietors, and are now ready for business, and turning out the best quality of
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Special attention will be given to
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DEALERS in these articles from the interior will be allowed a liberal discount.
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The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, April 4th, 1878.

General News Items.

Mexico has 3,000 miles of sea and gulf coast

There are a million and a half of people in the United States engaged in trade and transportation.

The telephone is at work between Adelaide, Australia, the Capital of South Australia, and Melbourne, the Capital of Victoria.

The population of Rome, which was in 1857, 215,573, rose last year to 298,574. From 7000 to 8000 soldiers were included in each enumeration.

A good rule for a farmer, and in fact for every man to adopt, is to have but one business and get up in the morning and see to it yourself.

Paris boasts of the most widely circulated paper in the world, a little sheet, with the title *Republique Francaise*, having half a million readers.

Rome, once the mistress of the world, is not so populous as San Francisco.

It is said that the Crown Prince of Austria is soon to visit the United States, and will also call on Brazil.

The object of the so-called Latin Union is to secure a common ratio between gold and silver in countries using a bimetallic or gold and silver currency.

Bismarck is embarassed pecuniarily, another illustration of a man who cannot manage his own affairs well, but can conduct public matters very successfully.

The Committee on Education and Labor will report a bill providing that the net receipts from the sale of public lands shall be devoted to educational purposes.

The early crop of potatoes will be very small this year, and it looks as if consumption will have to run mainly upon what is left of last year's production till midsummer.

The House passed the Military Academy Appropriation with a reduction of about $115,000 on last year's bill. The Senate showed its cloven foot by raising the appropriation over $80,000.

The Royal Engineers have been ordered by the British Government to equip themselves for immediate service. This smells like powder, but may simply be a diplomatic stratagem.

The American Eagle on the silver dollar is said to look like a sick crow; but if it can only keep the new dollar and the greenback up to gold we shall conclude that it is a good enough eagle.

The general estimate of the wool clip this spring is below the figures of last year. An increase in the upper counties is anticipated, which in a measure will offset the reduction south of San Francisco.

The Senate passed the House bill making persons competent witnesses in their own behalf when charged with crime. The bill applies of course, only to cases in United States Courts and to cases in the Territories.

A proposition is made to drain the Arkansas and Platte rivers, and turn the waters into the desert of Western Kansas and Nebraska, where by tapping the artificial lake, streams may be procured for irrigation purposes.

Sweet oil will remove finger marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene from oiled furniture. Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other goods, and will not hurt the most delicate color or fabric.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of silver was purchased to be shipped to America in London on the 14th inst. Silver is worth more in San Francisco than it is in London. Is it a corner made by the silver mining companies of the Pacific Coast?

It is said that England in no period in her national existence was as strong in a military point of view as she now is. It is claimed that she can put in the field an army of 414,000 drilled men, and this estimate is said to be under rather than over her actual strength.

Canada is doing an immense business in shipping lobsters to England. A few weeks ago one ship from Halifax took $88,000 worth in cans for London, which represented something like 665,000 lobsters; and a little before a shipment to the value of $72,000 was made.

They are having an unusually pleasant spring in New York State. The temperature this month has been 66° and verging on to 70°. The weather is summer-like. No ice is in the great lakes, no snow in the mountains and no frost on the ground. Never was seen such a March.

Canon Farrar announces as the result of his study of the Jewish Talmud, that there is more beauty and poetry in a single book of Homer than in the entire Mishna, and more wisdom and depth in a single chapter of St. Paul than in all the folio volumes of the Talmud combined.

Georgia is said to have 1,264,400 hogs and 1,264,300 inhabitants. Thus, there is in the State one porker to each man, woman and child, and 200 over: enough to furnish bacon and lard for the entire population, if of the right breed and well fattened. As a rule, however, Georgia swine are not prize porkers.

The recently discovered account of an unknown Spanish missionary who traveled in Africa between 1320 and 1330, is now being printed in Madrid. He traveled much on the west coast, going as far south as Dahomey, and made a journey for a considerable distance into the interior from the mouth of the Senegal.

A special agent of the Postoffice Department is at San Jose investigating the alleged crookedness on the part of S. B. Anderson, Postmaster. It is asserted that false returns have been made ever since his appointment, a year ago, and that his removal is certain, with a probability of punishment for defrauding the Government.

Common whiting mixed with water to the consistency of a thick cream, spread on linen, forms an excellent local application to burns and scalds. The whole burnt surface should be covered, thus excluding the action of the air. The ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by occasional sprinkling of cold water.

The towers of the Rotunda on the exhibition grounds will be the higest look-outs in Paris. They will contain lifts, to be worked by hydraulic power, for the elevation of visitors by a hundred or two at a time. The view from the top of them will take in the valley of the Seine for miles on either side, and every prominent building in the city will be easily seen. The spire of Notre Dame will stand out as clearly in the plain below as the distant green slopes of Mendon.

Within ten years no less than 12,000,000 acres of forest have been cut down or burned over in the United States. Much of the timber is used for fuel, twenty-five cities being on record as consuming 5,000 acres to 10,000 acres each. Fences use up much timber, and railway sleepers require the product of 150,000 acres annually. The amount of pine and lumber timber standing in the United States is no longer large. The sum of $144,000,000 is estimated to be invested in the whole timber industry, employing 200,000 men.

Mr. James Burnell, of Pacheco, has adopted for several years a method of sowing wheat which has never been described in the Patent Office, but which we have heard has been practiced and advocated by some of our farmers. He fastens a common sack of seed in front of him, on horseback, attaches his feet to guide reins and uses both hands in throwing the grain broadcast, right and left in such quantity as suits him. Being elevated from the ground the seed obtains a wide spread. He says he can sow twenty acres a day without much fatigue in this way.]

Jesus Christ.

Description of Jesus Christ by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar: There lives, at this time in Judea, a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, who the Barbarians esteem as a prophet but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is a tall man and well shaped; of an affable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls, waving about, and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazarites; his forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle; his nose formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard thick, and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes bright and blue, clear and serene; in proportion of body, most perfect and captivating; his hands and arms most delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty; counsels with mildness; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest and wise, a man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfections, surpassing the children of men in every respect.

Meeting of Czarevna and Czarewitch

The Czarevno of Russia had not seen the Czarewitch, her husband, for eight months, but surprised him lately by meeting him unexpectedly at Dunaburg. She arrived first—a bright young lady, resembling her sister, the Princess of Wales, but looking rather stronger. An onlooker gives an animated description of the scene:—Though courteous to all, the Czarevna is evidently nervously impatient for the arrival of her husband. She has not much longer to wait; all at once the shouting outside begins, her face becomes radiant, and, wrapping herself in the magnificent rotonde of blue fox fur, she hurries to the platform, amid renewed hurrahs and clamorous cries of joy. Her eyes are eagerly fixed on the two red globes of the approaching engine—there is a shrill whistle, much puffing of steam and the train rolls slowly into the station. The Czarewitch, little guessing the surprise in store for him, descends, saluting as he passes the long file of soldiers drawn up on the platform. Suddenly he sees her; then all else is forotten—the station, the soldiers, the crowd of people—and the wife is in her husband's arms, held in a long embrace. Then, like a roar of thunder, louder than the last, bursts forth deafening shouts, mixing up with the National hymn.

The Clock in Trinity Tower.

The clock in Trinity Church tower is the heavest in America. It might seem that in its construction an effort had been made to ascertain how much metal could possibly be plated in a clock. The frame stands nine feet high, and three feet wide. The main wheels are thirty inches in diameter. There are three wheels in the time train, and three each in the strike and the chime. The winding wheels are formed of solid casting thirty inches in diameter and two inches thick, and are driven by a pinion and arbor. On this arbor is placed a jack, or another wheel, pinion and crank and it takes 850 turns of this crank, to wind each weight up. It requires 700 feet of three-inch rope for the three cords, and over an hour for the two men to wind the clock. The pendulum is eighteen feet long, and oscillates twenty-five times per minute. The dials are eight feet in diameter—although they look little less than half that size from Broadway. The three weights are about eight hundred—twelve hundred and fifteen hundred pounds respectively. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well that holds about a bale of cotton waste, so that if a cord shouldbreak the cotton would check the concussion.

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regons of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goat-skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hill of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

The Early Dollars.

A correspondent who has a silver dollar of 1799, says the *Bulletin*, wants to know how much earlier these coins were struck off in this country. The United States Mint was established in 1792, but no silver dollars were coined until the fiscal year 1794-95. In that year $204,-791 was coined, but in the following two years less than $81,000 was coined. In 1798, the coinage was $327,536, and in 1879, the amount turned out was $423,515. From that date till 1805, less than $100,000 was coined. With the exception of $1,000 in 1836, no more were coined until 1839. They were coined uninterruptedly thereafter until 1873, with the exception of 1857-58. The total amount coined up to 1873 was $8,045,838. What the country was eighty years in accomplishing, it is now prepared to do in sixty days.

Paris Exposition.

The buildings of the coming Paris Exhibition in 1878 are the largest yet conceived for the purpose. The nave of the main building is nearly 2,900 feet long: the vista which includes the two vestibules, more than 1,100 feet. The eight industrial courts are all parallel, and are divided into two series of four each, one series being devoted to the productions of France, and the other to the rest of the exhibitions. In the center of the garden between the two series are two ranges of fine art galleries. On the opposite side of the river is the Trocadez Palace which is to be devoted to the history of man from the savage state down to the most modern appliance of science and art. It will afterwards be used as a municipal museum.

Josh Billings' Advice to Girls.

I look upon advice as I do upon castor ile—a mean dose to take. But I must say one thing, girls, or spile. If you can find a bright-eyed, well-balu-ted boy, who looks upon poverty az sassy az a child looks upon wealth—who had rather sit down upon the curbstone in front of the Fifth-avenue Hotel and eat a ham-sandwich than go inside and run in debt for his dinner and toothpick—and who is a man with that sort of pluck that mistakes a defeat for a victory, mi advice is to take him body and soul—snare him at onst, for he is stray trout, a breed very skarse in our waters. Take him, I say, and build into him as hornets build on a tree.

Slang.

Very young men and women sometimes think it "smart" to indulge in the use of slang. But it is a habit which leans to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society. Young reader, keep your mouth from all impurity and eschew vulgar and low expressions.

The Humors of Assessing.

Although Assessors occasionally have hard times in plying their vocations, there is always a humorous side to their labors. It is well-known that the Chinese are a very difficult people to collect either road or poll tax from. Their organs of secretiveness are very largely developed, and they are adepts at every trick imaginable at which they can cheat Uncle Sam out of his revenue. They have a decided repugnance to paying any debt they can possibly avoid. Mr. Beamer, our worthy Assessor, while in Washington recently, on business connected with his office, met three well-dressed Chinamen parading the streets. He walked up to them and said: "John, sabe linchee? You pay me linchee." The Chinamen answered: "Oh, we know what you want; you want road tax. We are sorry we cannot accommodate you, but we've paid our taxes in Sacramento." Dick said he felt rather cheap as they spoke the English language as fluently as himself. However, as they could not produce the receipt for their road and poll tax, he collected it from them and gave them their receipt. After meeting with this adventure he proceeded to a washouse kept by a stalwart Chinamen yclept Jim Jams. He told Mr. Jams what he had called on him for. The Chinamen said he had already paid his tax; but he could produce no receipt. After considerable talk he managed to collect the road tax, but the Chinaman steadily refused to pay the other $2.00. The Assessor observed a coat hanging on the wall. He took it, and told the Chinaman that when he paid the poll tax he could have his coat, and not before. Jim grew exceedingly irate and advanced on Dick in the most approved manner of the prize fighter. Upon observing the menancing position of the heathen, and seeing that prompt action was necessary in order to save himself, our Assessor planted a vigorous blow on the Mongolian's nose, whereupon the Chinaman grabbed a large rock and leveled it at him. Dick sprang upon Mr. Jams, and after a little struggle succeeded in disarming him. This manner of proceedings so disgusted the Mongol that he forked over the two dollars and took his receipt.

The Workingmen.

This organization met on Friday afternoon and elected one delegate to the State Convention. Mr. Wm. Atwell was the gentleman who received this honor. They also elected Mr. Follett as President of the County Central Committee, Mr. Dinsmore as Secretary, and Mr. Amesbury as Treasurer. The feature of the Convention, however, was the impromptu speech made by Mr. H. U. Ogburn. He is undoubtedly an orator of no small merit, and his neat speech on this occasion merited the commendation it universally received.

At their regular meeting on the evening of the same day no business of importance was transacted. The time was mostly occupied in speechmaking. Mr. Sweeney, of Petaluma, was the first ta mount the rostrum, and it was beautiful to hear him talk of immigration and the Western world. He dwelt with touching pathos on the sorrows of the laboring men, and was the recipient of prolonged cheers when he indorsed the unwritten plank in Kearney's platform—hemp.

Mr. Atwell was the next to step forward, and "taxation" was the burden of his remarks. Mr. Miller was then called upon and made a neat little speech, in which he said if the Workingmen would stand by him he would reciprocate. Mr. C. M. Hurlbut was the next speaker to the front, and he said that he had not come to the meeting with the intention of speaking, but as he had been called upon he would simply say that the sentiments of the previous speaker were his own. Mr. D. A. Mitchell was the last gentleman to entertain the Club, which he did by endorsing entirely the action the Club had taken in the matter of electing their officers. After this gentleman had spoken the meeting was adjourned.

The Major's Accommodations.

County Surveyor Major James Edward Rutherford O'Farrell, who has recently returned from Blacks', gives a very gloomy account of the hotel accommodations of that place. He says that he went to the hotel and enquired for a room and was informed that all the apartments were taken. He went to another and was told the same thing. Finally, as a last resource, he went to Bob Huston and asked him if he knew of any place where he could obtain lodgings for the night. Bob told him that he had a large store and plenty of room, and could furnish him with some salt sacks for a bed. The Major gladly accepted the offer and coiled himself upon the floor and spread the salt sacks over him. He says that in all his experience it was one of the hardest couches he ever reposed on. "The shades of Julius Cæsar save me from another such experience." The hotels of Blacks' must be doing a lively business.

The Musical Festival.

At a special rehearsal of the Handel and Haydn Society Wednesday, the following persons were elected by ballot as a Committee to transact the business, examine candidates, etc., for the delegation to the Musical Festival at San Francisco: Dr. C. E. Pinkham, J. D. Lawson, R. P. Davidson, Miss Florence Peck, and Mrs. H. F. Deaner. Those wishing to go are requested to hand in their names to one of the Committee at once. The Society is now holding two rehearsals a week preparing for a concert April 20th.

New Patents.

Through Dewey & Co., San Francisco, we receive the following list of patents granted to Pacific Coast inventors: Eli Reese, Merced, shoe fastenings; Simon Randolph, Seattle, gang edger; S. Thomas, Junction City, Ogn., horse power; A. W. Vanderston, Salem, Ogn., sheet metal flanging machine; G. Vincent, Stockton, locomotive; G. Vincent, Stockton, car truck; G. Vincent, Stockton, and M. A. Wheaton, S. F., car truck.

Loss of Russia's Soldiery.

The Russian Government has officially estimated its loss of soldiery at over 80,000, but there has been, probably, quite as large a loss of Russian subjects, other than military, from maladies arising out of the war. At Alexandropol, owing to the passage through the town, since the war began, of 70,000 sick and wounded, and the neglect of the sanitary authorities to take the requisite precautions, there is so much disease that all who can have left the town; the death rate has reached 55 in 1,000. At Tiflis all the doctors of the Red Cross Society are dead. In the Caucasus a plague is expected. The Turkish prisoners from Armenia are all more or less infected with disease, and wherever they go epidemics follow in their train. At Penza smallpox and measles are so rife that public schools and institutions have been closed by Government order. The official report gives an invalid to every house. Near St. Petersburg the black smallpox, a form of the Persian plague, has broken out amongst the Turkish prisoners at Gatchina, and is causing great alarm in the capital. A month ago 10,000 sick and wounded were at Sistova awaiting removal, so many of whom were suffering from typhus that it was proposed to have typhus specials to carry those so afflicted.

Don't Go to Texas.

W. B. Smith, a Plattsburgher, who returned from Northern Texas last week, says an exchange, paints a word picture of that El Dorado of land speculators that is the opposite of flattering. He says that Dennison, Sherman, Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco and San Antonio are full of young men from the North seeking places as clerks, mechanics, and laborers, and finding no situations, because the supply is far in advance of the demand. Some find employment as cattle herders, but the native Spanish *vaqueros* are preferred because they are brought up to the saddle and are inured to the hardships and privations of the plains. Only those who have ready money with which to take up and till or stock land, he says, should go there, and even they should have enough cash left to pay their way home if they should decide to leave, as he did, after a year's trial of the brackish water and ague-breeding soil.

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The County Official Paper!

Contains the Latest Telegraphic and other News for the Week, Stocks and Markets, Local Events, and a Very Large Amount of Miscellaneous Matter.

Everything of an Objectionable Nature Carefully Excluded.

A Complete Family Paper.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

OUR LIST OUGHT TO BE DOUBLED INSIDE OF THREE MONTHS!

Send in the names at any time

Each Number is Complete in itself!

ja20tf

Notice is Given,

That through failing health I am compelled to sell my Farm of

4,567 Acres of Land

In Yolo County, situated within

HALF MILE OF DUNNIGAN STATION

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.,

And known as

"THE BUCKEYE RANCH."

Some of the same land produced Forty Bushels per acre of Wheat in the dry year of '77. The Sacramento River is four miles East of the Ranch, and Wheat is always worth from five to ten cents per 100 lbs. more at the River than in Woodland, and with light teams can haul two loads of Grain daily.

I WILL SELL ABOUT

75 head Horses and Mules

—AND—

100 HEAD OF CATTLE:

About Forty head of which are Dairy Cows—the balance Young Stock; also,

300 HEAD OF HOGS!

And if any person wishes to purchase a DAIRY FARM, I will sell my

FARM OF 1,140 ACRES

IN PLUMAS COUNTY!

☞ The above lands will be sold in a body or in parcels to suit; the terms will be one-half cash, and the balance can remain one, two or three years—at the option of the purchaser—at small interest. THE AGRICULTURAL TOOLS will be sold. All the above property will be sold at Private Sale, and if not disposed of before June next, will be sold at Auction. For particulars, apply to

W. J. CLARKE,
On the Premises.
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A Revolution in the Shirt Business.

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Made to Measure, Complete, 6 for $10.50.

Boys' Shirts, One Dollar less than Men's.

Laundried Shirts, $2.50 per dozen extra. These Shirts are not thrown together or basted, but are made in the very best manner. Are guaranteed equal in every respect to the very best, regardless of price. They are made from the celebrated Wamsutta Muslin and the best Irish Linen, all cut lengthwise of the goods. Bosoms all Linen—no Muslin linings used. I do not offer CHEAP Shirts at a low price, but the very best that can be made. Comparison is challenged, both of material and workmanship. The question is asked: "How can you sell such goods at such prices?" The reply is: "Expenses light, no fancy rents, and business absolutely CASH. A Set of Gold-Plated Collar and Sleeve Buttons given with each half-dozen Shirts. Also GENTS' NIGHT SHIRTS, extra long, $1.25 each.

Please call and satisfy yourself.

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Under Masonic Hall,
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BRAN, CORN MEAL, ETC.

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Market Price Paid for Good Wheat.

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Thos. Powell's Patent Derrick AND NETS.

This stacking rig has given unbounded satisfaction in stacking hay, grain and straw from the wagon. Only one minute required to unload. It is warranted to have no equal in the United States. Its workings are always guaranteed. Parties wishing to purchase should call on or address BYRON JACKSON, Agent, Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal. mh25wtf

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CUTTING AND FITTING.

The undersigned is prepared to work at Dressmaking, Cutting, Fitting and Sewing, and tenders her services to the ladies of Woodland and vicinity. Will work by the day, going to the homes of those wishing work done. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Inquire at the residence of the undersigned, in Masonic Block.

[mh12dim*] BERTHA E. DIEMART.

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General Merchandise, AT LANGVILLE AND MADISON.

Has on hand at BOTH these places Heavy Stocks of

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hardware, Crockery, Farm Implements,

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FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC., ETC.

Ten per cent. will be deducted on all Cash Sales of over Five Dollars.

CALL AT LEVY'S.

Pays Cash for Grain and Wool.

GRAIN SACKS,

ON HAND AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

May 24, 1877. fe1-3m



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CALIFORNIA POULTRY YARDS, WOODLAND.

May be had the greatest and best variety of Imported, Premium and Fancy Fowls

WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

☞ If you want fowls or eggs write the proprietor, MRS. C. H. SPRAGUE,
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FITS, EPILEPSY,

—OR—

FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them, we will send them by mail, post paid, a FREE TRIAL BOX. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case, or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.

Price, for large box, $3, or four boxes for $10, sent by mail to any part of United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. Address,

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GUM TREES one foot apart will Make a Good Live Fence In Three Years,

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Trees by the Ten Thousand

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Returning, boats will leave Washington at 3 P.M., enabling passengers to connect at Davisville with evening train for Woodland.

Fare Either Way, . . $1.25.
For Round Trip, . . $2.50.

CAPT. A. NETHERCOTT,
mh26dwtf Proprietor.

NOTICE.

Our citizens are hereby notified that D. A. Jackson has purchased the Water Wagon and has made special arrangements with Mr. Peek for water, and will hereafter sprinkle our streets. He proposes to give entire satisfaction to all who have heretofore patronized Mr. Hank Fisher for like services.

mh28w4t D. A. JACKSON.

UCAN make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free, by TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me. mh11d6mwly

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The latest improved Machinery and Agricultural Implements, which he sells at San Francisco prices.

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ONE OF THE VERY BEST IN USE!



He also calls attention to his

Iron and Wood-worker's Tools,

And Stock-in-Trade, consisting in IRON, STEEL, COAL, SPRINGS, AXLES, BOLTS, NAILS, LOCKS, SCREWS, HINGES, ETC., ETC.

CASTINGS FOR MACHINERY,

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The stock of PAINTERS' FINDINGS is large and complete, consisting of

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THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS, MECHANICS AND BUILDERS

Is particularly invited to his stock, each line of which is complete, and will be sold at very low prices.

H. B. WOOD.
WOODLAND, Sept. 24, 1874. mh21-tf

Spring Stock

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

—AT—

Madison!

MY NEW SPRING STOCK EMBRACES

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

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HATS AND CAPS,

GROCERIES,

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Almost Everything Else

THAT A FAMILY WANTS!

I BELIEVE IN QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS!

Which the public will find out if they give me a trial.

☞ On all sums traded amounting to over Five Dollars and paid in gold, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be allowed; if paid in silver, 6 per cent.

COME AND SEE ME.

A. HAINES.

MADISON, YOLO COUNTY, April 15th, 1877. mh16-3m

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LIQUORS,

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Each panel is separate and simply slips into another, and when put together can be drawn off bodily by hitching to the end of it.

It Cannot be Blown Over by the Wind

Or pushed over by Live Stock. It can be made any height or length of panels to suit. It is very easily put together and taken apart, as it locks itself, and two men and teams will take down, move and put up again—anywhere within a mile—two miles of it in a day.

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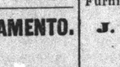
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ja11-3m

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Everything in my line constantly on hand, or made to order, and sold at lowest living rates. feldw

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